



THE *ELKS* MAGAZINE

THE UNITED NATIONS:

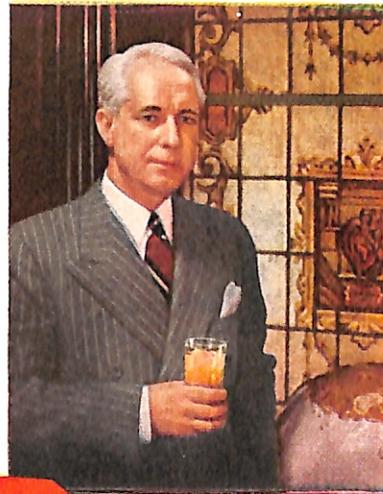
A CHALLENGE TO YOU
BY WARREN R. AUSTIN

DECEMBER 1949

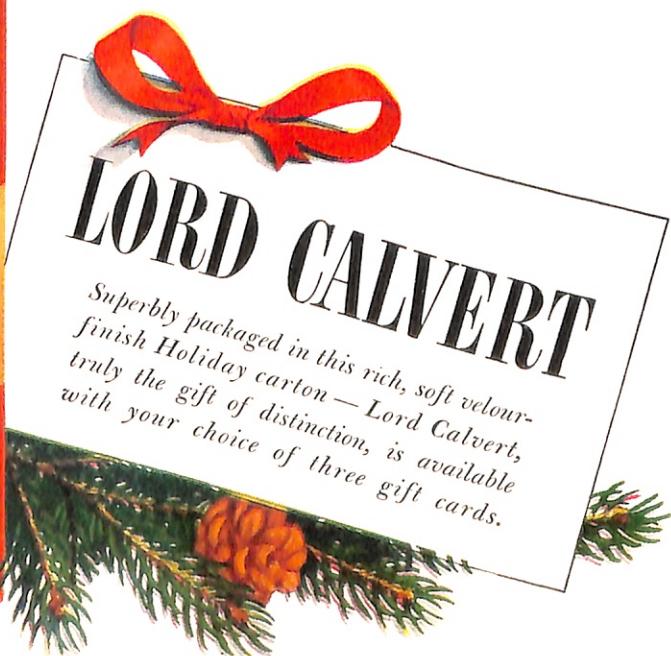
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OUR GRAND EXALTED RULER

TALKS SHOP

DECEMBER...

the great month!

THE great heart of Elkdom, in the month of December, opens for two serious and yet joyous occasions.

On the first Sunday in the month, we, the members of this great Order, pause to pay our respects to the departed, and refresh our memories of the friendships we enjoyed with loyal and devoted Elks who have gone to their reward. A sense of deep gratitude passes through our minds and rests in our hearts for those who unselfishly gave of their time and talents to establish in the American hearts an appreciation for real and wholesome service.

And then, built around Christmas, the day of all days, is the love, and hope and inspiration of a great nation. The story of Christmas prompts all of us to unshackle our minds of the petty things of life, to broaden our vision and humbly fill our hearts with ambitions to exemplify the real lesson of giving and of making others happy.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has, during its life, endeavored by its deeds to merit the esteem and affection of all people. Just as long as we have in our hearts the real desire to be of service to others will we grow in stature and in mind and will our Order be known as a leader in our great American society.

* * *

The reports of our District Deputies, leaders in Elkdom in their respective areas, bring the refreshing news that all lodges are alert and marching forward. A substantial gain in membership is the word from all of them.

At Ketchikan, Alaska, I recently witnessed the initiation of 147 members, and four days later saw 105 initiated at Miami, Florida, Lodge. These events, coupled



with a determination to curtail lapsation, promise a fine picture for the New Year. I have every reason to believe that our "one million members" is just about a reality!

* * *

I am delighted to tell you, too, that our boys in the veterans hospitals will again be remembered by many of our lodges this Christmas, and that our Elks Magazine will publish pictures of this activity, which is sponsored by our Veterans Service Commission.

* * *

My Brothers, I extend to you and your loved ones my sincere wish for a most wonderful Christmas and the happy privilege of sharing it with others.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Emmett T. Anderson

EMMETT T. ANDERSON
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THE Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information: (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected.

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What Our Readers



Have to Say

I have long been an admirer of Ben Ames Williams and have delighted in reading his stories, especially those

using Fraternity as their theme. Until a recent issue of *The Elks Magazine* I had never noticed his name among your authors, so I was both surprised and pleased to find in the columns of the September issue a wonderful story—"Let the Victor In!"

It is more than a pleasure to read that story. It is an education. Today, when the civilized world is seeking an answer to what it chooses to call "The Youth Problem", the story is timely. It certainly offers one—perhaps the—solution to the question as to how best to lead our youth toward better and more satisfactory things in life. I want to thank Mr. Williams for writing, and you for printing, that story.

William H. Jewett
Eureka, Calif.

Vice-President Barkley's article in the November issue is very much to the point. His statement, "the very foundations of our government and of our traditions and our way of life are based in constitutional government . . . and the validity of the moral law" is the voice of a philosopher. . . . These rights (and obligations) are founded, as Mr. Barkley says, in "the validity of the moral law" and are as objectively unchangeable as the laws of gravity and molecular attraction; yes, as the multiplication tables. Mr. Barkley has the rare genius of profundity of thought and clarity of expression.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler
E. Mark Sullivan
Boston, Mass.

The splendid, thought-provoking article in the October issue, "Funny Is as Funny Does", by Dickson Hartwell, goes farther to evaluate the

HOW WILL 1950 BE FOR BUSINESS?

For the January issue, Dr. Marcus Nadler will review the business outlook for 1950, with a forecast of conditions that businessmen can expect to encounter. Dr. Nadler, Professor of Banking and Finance at New York University, is consulting economist for the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company and is one of the country's most highly regarded economists.



*Season's
Greetings*

A Holiday toast to you
from the National Champion of Quality . . .

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A SERVICE OF THE ELKS MAGAZINE

comes than many a solemn moral condemnation of them that I have seen. A contribution such as this, among other fine articles, makes *The Elks Magazine* a worthwhile library in itself.

Very Rev. Henry B. Shaw, VF
Medina, N. Y.

We want to congratulate you for the splendid Fall Hunting Section in the October issue. We are particularly appreciative of the article about wild ducks and waterfowl conservation by Dan Holland which also contains such a splendid analysis of the work of Ducks Unlimited.

We have received so many letters about this article from our members who are also members of your fraternity that we would like to have permission to make some copies by the photo-offset process in order that we may give wider distribution among our people.

Again thanking you for the splendid article and trusting that it will be agreeable to you for us to have copies of the article made with fullest credit to your excellent magazine, we are,

Ray E. Benson
Executive Secretary
Ducks Unlimited
New York City

May I compliment you on the picture on the October cover. We have a setter, lovely and gentle, so Albert Staehle's picture appealed to us very much.

Mrs. John Hofmeister, Sr.
Baltimore, Md.

I have repeatedly read and studied Bruno Shaw's articles about China in the August and September issues and thank Mr. Shaw for this contribution to my knowledge about the Far East situation. I particularly appreciate the documentation (by quotation) of basic Soviet principles which apply to the present world-wide conflict in ideologies.

John B. Dilworth
La Porte, Ind.

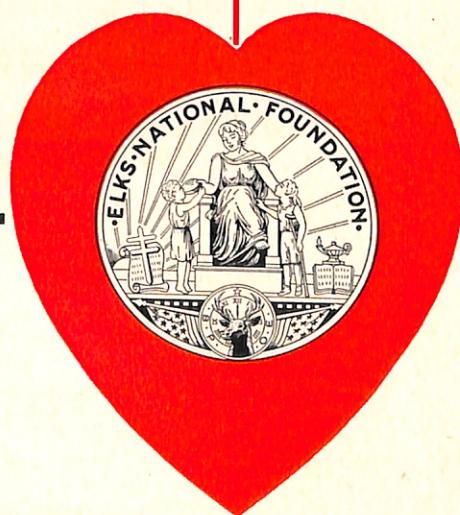
NEXT ISSUE—SKIING

Virtually unknown a few years ago except to small boys, skiing has become a national winter sport enjoyed by old and young. While it takes a lot of practice and talent to be a good skier, anyone who is careful can make a good try, says Steve Bradley in an article to appear in the January issue. Even if you live where there is no snow, you will enjoy reading this informative sports feature about a great outdoors recreation.

“a man’s worth is measured by his deeds”

The Elks National Foundation is your best agency for good deeds. Through the Foundation you can participate in these good works of our Order—

- **REHABILITATING CRIPPLED CHILDREN**
- **HELPING CHILDREN WHO ARE HANDICAPPED MENTALLY OR PHYSICALLY**
- **ASSISTING AMBITIOUS, WELL-QUALIFIED YOUTH OF AMERICA TO OBTAIN HIGHER EDUCATION THROUGH SCHOLARSHIPS**
- **PROVIDING HOSPITALIZATION FOR THE AFFLICTED**
- **FOSTERING OTHER CHARITABLE, EDUCATIONAL, PATRIOTIC AND BENEVOLENT PROJECTS**



We appeal to every Elk to enroll as a Participating Member of the Elks National Foundation by subscribing \$100, payable in full or by annual installments of \$10 or more.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman
16 Court Street
Boston 8, Massachusetts

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“CATCH THE INSPIRATION FOR A HIGH RESOLVE.”

GIVE GENEROUSLY DURING THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON

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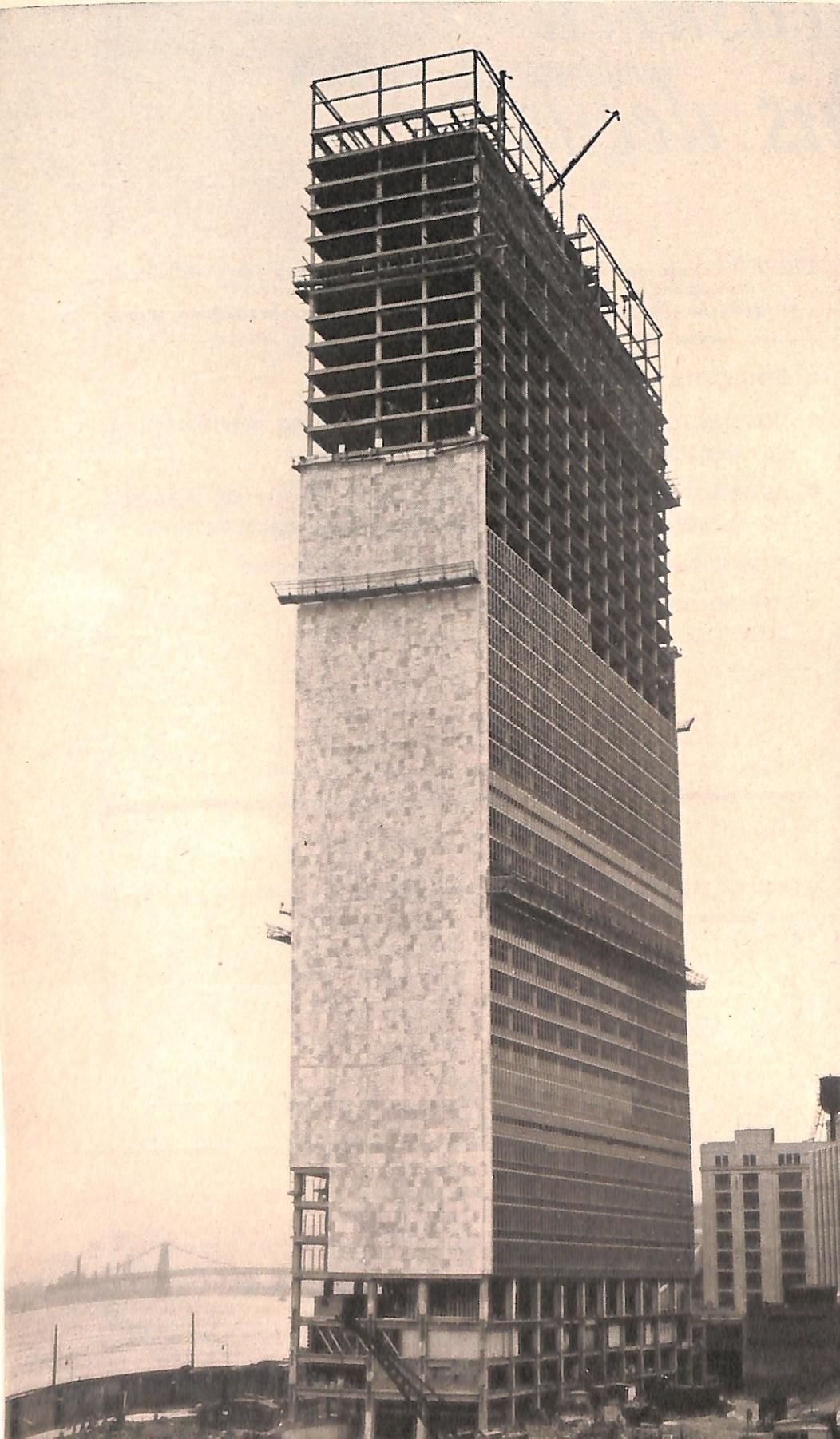
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... a Challenge



**The United Nations is
a world community; its
progress and success
are your responsibility.**



BY WARREN R. AUSTIN

Ambassador Austin is Representative of the United States at the seat of the United Nations, with the rank and status of Envoy Extraordinary and Ambassador Plenipotentiary. He represents the United States in the Security Council and has a distinguished record not only as a public servant but as an authority on foreign affairs. From 1931 to the close of the 79th Congress he was U. S. Senator from Vermont. At the time of his resignation from the Senate he was ranking Republican Member of the Military Affairs Committee and served in an important capacity on several other Congressional Committees. He is a member of the American and Vermont Bar Associations and is Past Exalted Ruler of Burlington, Vt., Lodge.

**39-story building, first unit of
the U.N.'s permanent home,
with East River in background.**

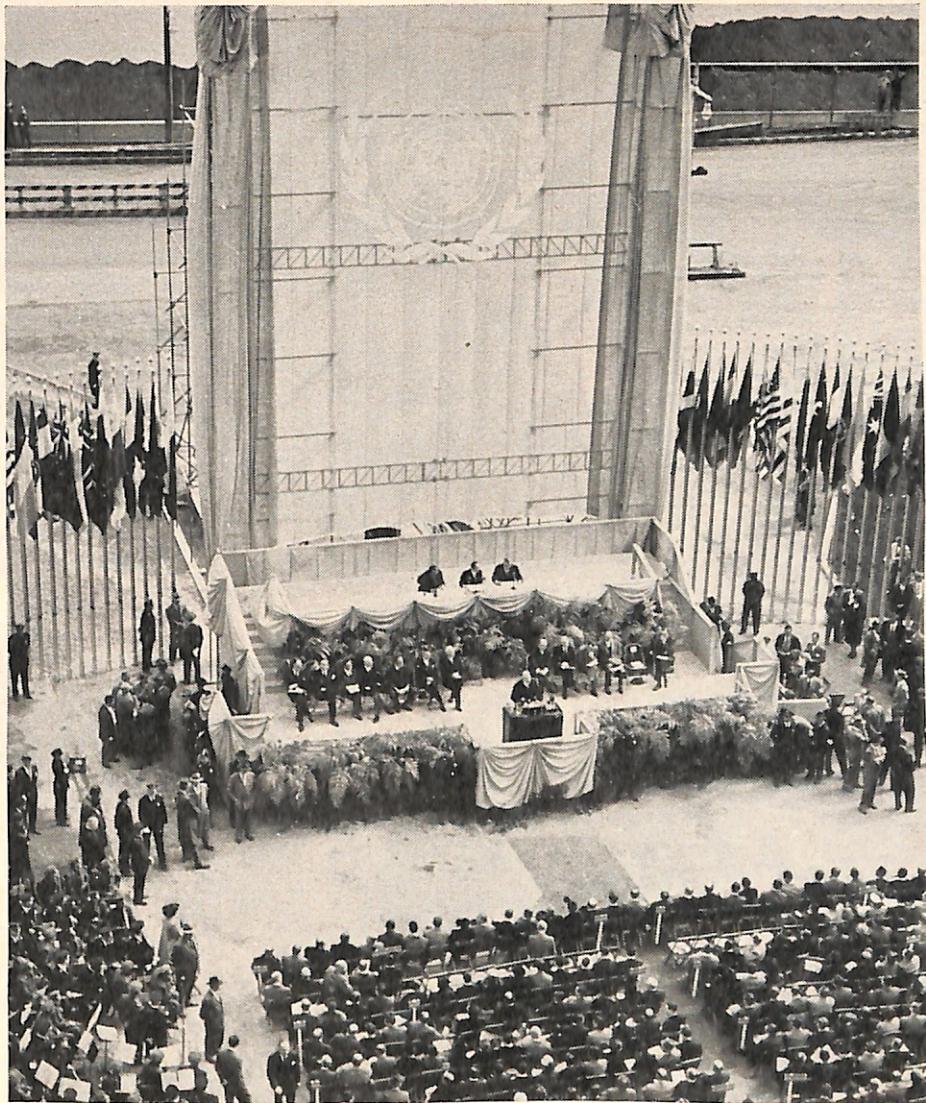
to YOU

ON OCTOBER 24, in New York City, at the site of the new United Nations Headquarters, almost where 42nd Street meets the East River, President Truman, Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the United Nations, and representatives of each of the 59 countries in the United Nations, took part in impressive ceremonies laying the cornerstone of the permanent headquarters. Perhaps more than any other single event, this act symbolized the fact that New York City has indeed become the world capital, and that every American has become a world citizen. The headquarters buildings will not be architectural giants in comparison with such great structures as the spired Chrysler Building nearby, or the towering Empire State Building a few blocks away, but activities at the new United Nations headquarters will have gigantic effect in every quarter of the globe.

The practical work of administering an international organization composed of 59 sovereign states forces a concentration of activities within a single area on Manhattan Island. If there could be a little United Nations headquarters on every Main Street—the Main Street so well known in almost every American city and village—citizens could see the United Nations for what it is—a living reality, successfully engaged in building peace in the world.

I wish that every one of the nearly 1,000,000 Elks might be able to visit the United Nations headquarters when the General Assembly is in session, to get the lift which comes from watching the United Nations Representatives in action, to feel the power of the United Nations.

A famous umpire said of possible strikes and balls thrown by star pitchers, "They ain't nothing until I calls them." Every umpire, however, has to have a pretty clear picture in his mind of the "strike zone", if his decisions are to hold up over a period of time. Nor can any football referee take on the Army-Navy game unless he knows the rules, and has the fine sense of experienced judgment which will guide him, for instance, in determining the legality of a complex forward-pass play run from a T-Formation. Referees and umpires undertake of their own free will their responsibilities for judgment and decision, but as American citizens you have responsibilities which you must



Cornerstone laying ceremony marking U.N.'s fourth birthday.

undertake in judging and appraising government policies. It is the citizens who, in the long run, determine what policies are to be. It might be said of our action in the United Nations that it "ain't nothing" unless it is "called" by an informed public opinion. Every Elk shares responsibility with all of his fellow Americans for understanding and supporting the United Nations.

Grounding in the fundamentals of the United Nations is easy to get, although it is no clear-cut contest such as football or baseball played for the joy of winning at sport. Rather, the United Nations might be likened to a complex political game played for the highest stakes—the prize of human freedom and security.

In my judgment, there are three elements which should form the foundation of an individual's opinion regarding the United Nations. These are: (1) appreciation of the concrete achievements of the United Nations, and of its unfinished business; (2) understanding of its basic structure; and (3) participation in community activities which build world-mindedness.

What about the achievements of

the United Nations? Conflict in the United Nations political arena is front page news and gets more public attention than does United Nations action to wipe out malnutrition, ill-health and illiteracy. This work builds indispensable economic and social stability and blunts the cutting edge of political differences.

Any capable businessman knows the value of an expanding market. Strong demand backed by high purchasing power means profitable operation. The activities of United Nations in the economic field are aimed squarely at tapping new markets and building new purchasing power in less-developed regions of the world. Plans for a balanced program of technical assistance to areas seeking to improve economic and social conditions have been made by the Economic and Social Council. This planning has been stimulated by Point Four of President Truman's Inaugural Address, in which he called upon private enterprise, voluntary organizations and government to take part in a constantly growing effort to improve conditions in regions not yet far advanced economically.

(Continued on page 36)



Alden dragged the heavy man out to the snow-covered sidewalk.

HOLIDAY TOKEN



BY WILLIAM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY

THORNTON UTZ

It was Christmas for everyone but Alden

Cranshaw—out of a job and out of hope.

THE strange but Heaven-lit experience of Alden Cranshaw, on a recent Christmas, overflowed with blessings like a cornucopia squeezed by the angels, and it seems only fair to tell of it now in this good season of the year. . . .

The snow began falling at four in the afternoon of December 24th, and the darkness descended on the City of New York. This was perhaps one hour after Alden had taken Mary to Saint Margaret's Hospital, which was a few blocks from their home. The snow had seemed at first a holiday token—a few flakes here and there, large, wispy, and crazily tossed by the wind, but hardly enough to set the reindeer prancing. At the hospital he had observed doctors and nurses, who should have had more sense, gazing from windows with rapt admiration, as though the snow were some kind of blessing they could not live without. The fools, he thought, with nothing more to occupy their minds—with Mary in the early stages of her pain, and needing their attention and their care. Then Dr. Farnley, her own doctor, had arrived, and Alden had felt a little better. Dr. Farnley was neither a superstitious nor a sentimental man.

Now, a little later, Alden crossed Third Avenue from east to west, and if he looked imbecilic with a golf bag hanging down his back, there was nothing he could do about it. He carried and dragged a large motion-picture projector with his aching right arm, and, in the crook of his left arm, he carried a motion-picture camera. The snow kept pelting his face and marring his vision, while the golf bag rolled awkwardly on his back, and once, when he attempted a full stride, the bag got tangled in his legs and Alden fell heavily. Moreover, when he reached the pawn shop, it was closed. A sign in the locked and grilled door stated, "Will be back in twenty Minutes."

The man wasn't back in twenty minutes, nor was he back in twenty-five. He's drunk, the bum; he's drunk some place, Alden decided bitterly, although he did not know and had never seen the man. He continued waiting there, accepting Dr. Farnley's assurances that his presence at the hospital could be of no assistance to Mary. "Things have only started," the doctor had told him. "It will be hours. Many hours." He waited, too, because his need for money was desperate. He had never been to a pawnshop in his life and he knew the location of this one only because he had passed it so many times in his journey from the subway to his home—"home" being in one of

those fancy East River developments where the rents and the masonry both threaten to touch the sky.

HE'D come home at three o'clock and Mary had said to him, matter-of-factly, "Hello, darling." There she had been, sitting calmly in a straight chair, polishing her nails, her bag packed, and her hat already on her head—smiling, and pretty.

"Don't get excited, Alden," she had told him. "And don't look so terribly forlorn, dear. The taxi's waiting downstairs and it will only take us a minute to get there. I called Dr. Farnley and he said there was nothing to worry about."

So optimistic and so gay she had been, as though the business of having a baby was like the business of buying shoes. But that was Mary for you, anyhow, shining with faith like a two-dollar flashlight.

"For a moment, darling, you looked so overwhelmed," she said. "I wondered was anything wrong. How was the Christmas party at the office?"

"The party? Oh, the party was fine," he said. "An exciting time was had by all."

Exciting, indeed. A great time at the office. He did not add that he had also been fired from his job that afternoon. Alden W. Cranshaw, junior executive, with the firm of Hubert and Hines, Architects—fired for punching Addison Mitchell Hubert in the nose at their jolly Christmas party. Alden W. Cranshaw, Harvard '40, married, and father-to-be, dressed in his cashmere coat and his hundred-dollar suit, with exactly seven dollars and forty cents reposing in his pockets. Alden W. Cranshaw, unemployed. . . .

Now the wind swept wildly along Third Avenue; under the elevated structure it whipped and whined, and the snow fell steadily, like curtains of white gauze, sometimes vertical and sometimes horizontal in the fury of the storm. Alden did not especially wish to be seen outside this pawnshop with his prized and personal possessions. He was bitterly cold, but he was also bitterly poor. His expenses had been high in recent weeks—wasteful, perhaps, but there was no sense in crying over that. The hard truth was that he could not draw against future paydays now, or borrow money anywhere without the security of a job. So you faced it. You did the best you could. Two doors beyond the pawnshop he discovered a dark and deeply recessed entrance to what, in its tenanted days, had been a penny-

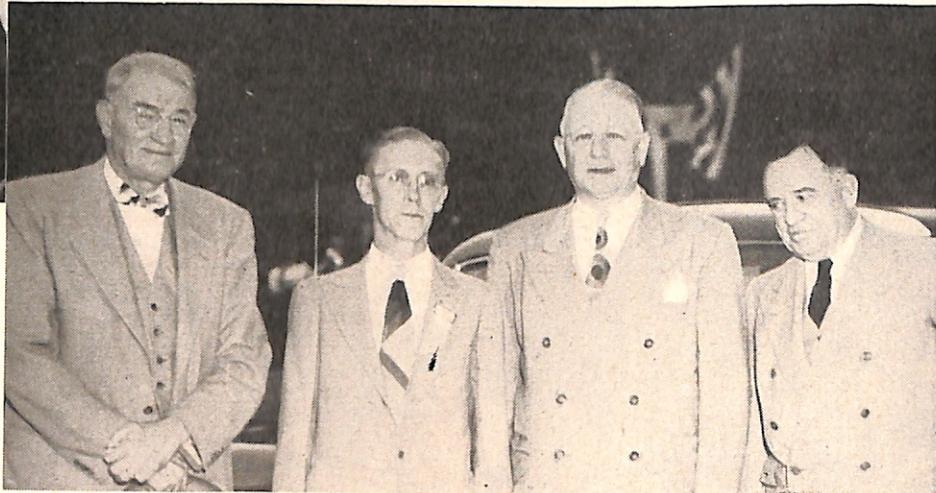
(Continued on page 20)



The Order's leader accepts the microphone from State Pres. William J. Bingham to address the audience at the New Mexico State Elks Assn. banquet at Silver City.

GRAND EXALTED RULER Emmett T. Anderson attended the Fall Conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of **N. Y. SOUTHEAST DIST.** lodges on Sept. 10, in New York City. Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, Murray Hulbert, Charles S. Hart, David Sholtz, George I. Hall and James R. Nicholson were present, together with State Pres. G. A. Swalbach. Mr. Anderson delivered a fine address, and then, accompanied by Judges Hallinan and Hulbert, and Mr. Hall and Mr. Swalbach, he left to attend the Conference of **UPSTATE N. Y. LODGES**. Past Pres. Ronald J. Dunn officiated at a reception given at the home of **ONEIDA LODGE NO. 767**.

Returning to the West, Mr. Anderson visited **DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, SALIDA, GUNNISON** and **MONTROSE, COLO.** Lodges, prior to proceeding to **OURAY** to address a huge public gathering and open the 46th Annual Meeting of the **COLO. STATE ELKS ASSN.**, at which Pres. Frank C. Holitz presided. Among the 1,027 Elks and their guests who were present, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen; M. B. Chase, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee; Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight O. J. Fisher; Past Grand Chaplain Rev. George L. Nuckolls, who delivered the Memorial Address; Past Grand Esq. Jacob L. Sherman; Byron Albert, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Arthur L. Allen, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. Mayor John J. McMahon, State Assn. Sgt.-at-Arms, welcomed the delegates for his city, and Gov. Wm. Lee Knous, P.E.R. of Ouray Lodge, welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Anderson on behalf of the State.



At the entrance of Ouray, Colo., as the official caravan from Denver reached the State Convention city, were, left to right: Gov. Wm. Lee Knous, P.E.R., E.R. Wm. P. Stark, Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen.

Before the Convention closed on the 18th, the delegates had decided to meet next year in Denver; Greeley Lodge won top honors in the Ritualistic Contest judged by Mr. Albert, Claude E. Thompson, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Past Grand Esq. Cyril A. Kremser, Ohio D.D., and the following officers were elected to lead the organization: Pres., G. A. Franz, Jr., Ouray; 1st Vice-Pres., Glen Lamberg, Salida; 2nd Vice-Pres., Walter Cooper, Fort Collins; Secy., (reelected) Frank Buskirk, Montrose; Treas., (reelected) W. R. Patterson, Greeley; Trustees: R. I. McBroom, Pueblo (five years); P. B. Griffith, Colorado Springs; J. F. Gazzoli, Gunnison; C. J. Williams, Walsenburg,

and Mr. Albert; Chaplain, Carl Adams, Greeley; Tiler, G. J. Mancini, Brighton, and Sgt.-at-Arms F. S. Mancini, Denver.

The dates of the 19th Annual **NEW MEXICO STATE ASSN.** meeting in Silver City coincided with those of Colorado, and Mr. Anderson arrived there in time to present the \$1,600 scholarships awarded annually by Silver City Lodge to four outstanding students. Reports at this meeting revealed that all N. M. lodges are in splendid condition.

Officers elected are: Pres., Wm. J. Bingham, Albuquerque; Vice-Pres., No., Ray Arias, Santa Fe; Vice-Pres., So., R. E. Boney, Las Cruces; Secy., A. B. Stabenow, Raton; Treas., Samuel Teitelbaum, Gallup; Trustee (3 years) J.



Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson visited the newly instituted Mesa, Ariz., Lodge, and was photographed with E.R. A. W. McGrath, Phoenix Lodge, left; E.R. B. B. Brokaw, Mesa Lodge, second from left, and Gov. Daniel E. Garvey, a member of Tucson Lodge, right.

LER'S VISITS

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and their friends set sail for Alaska. The group includes Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee and Mrs. Alexander, P.E.R. and Mrs. Lee L. Hodget of Tacoma, Wash., State Pres. and Mrs. V. P. McNamara, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Shields of Tacoma.



A. Falletti, Raton; Trustees: (one year) M. L. Thomas, Silver City, and Wm. Colvert, Carlsbad. Raton will be the 1950 Convention City.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson visited the State's youngest lodge, **FARMINGTON NO. 1747**, for an overnight visit. The evening was taken up with a real Western outdoor barbecue, following which the guests adjourned to a natural rock amphitheater to see Indian ceremonial dances. Mr. Anderson delivered one of his thought-provoking addresses on Elkdom, and the 500 Elks and their ladies then returned to the lodge home for dancing.

Entering Arizona from New Mexico, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were overnight guests at **TUCSON** on Sept. 19th. The following day, he visited the newly-in-

stituted **MESA, ARIZ., LODGE, NO. 1781**, at a luncheon with about 120 members, including Gov. Daniel E. Garvey, a member of Tucson Lodge, D.D.'s S. O. Morrow and Francis H. Johnson, State Pres. Homer Moore, P.D.D. Alexander Crane and many other dignitaries.

That evening, for the first time in 12 years, **PHOENIX, ARIZ., LODGE, NO. 335**, was host to a leader of the Order, when Mr. Anderson, accompanied by Special Representative Floyd Brown of the National Service Commission, addressed nearly 600 Elks at a banquet at which 14 of the 17 Arizona lodges were represented. In another of his forceful and timely addresses, he had much to say for the magnificent hospital for tubercular Elks which is maintained in Tucson by the Arizona State Elks Assn. Other speakers were D.D.'s Morrow

Left: Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Emmett T. Anderson, fifth and fourth from left, pictured at the banquet held in their honor by Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge. Left to right: Mrs. Frank Holitz, wife of the State President, Mrs. John R. Coen, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, Mrs. John Godec, Jr., Mrs. Godec, Mrs. Ralph H. Dial and District Deputy Dial.

and Johnson, Pres. Moore and E.R. A. W. McGrath, with P.D.D. Crane as M.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson arrived in Long Beach on the 21st, to take part in the **CALIFORNIA ELKS ASSN.'S** 35th Annual Convention. More than 9,000 Elks and their ladies were registered for their four-day meeting. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Michael F. Shannon and L. A. Lewis met the visitors at their train and accompanied them to headquarters where they were greeted by Grand Est. Loyal Knight Harry B. Hoffman and State officials led by Pres. Morley H. Golden. Following the reception, the party attended the Memorial Services at which C. P. Hebenstreit, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee, spoke.

On the 23rd, the Long Beach lodge room was filled to capacity by Elks who were anxious to hear Mr. Anderson, after his introduction by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz. Other visitors were P.D.D. Thomas Wolff of Manila, P. I., and Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight M. H. Starkweather of Arizona.

The following officers, installed by Mr. Lewis, and appointees, will lead the Assn. until the 1950 meeting in Sacramento: Pres., R. J. Craine, Hanford; Vice-Presidents: So., H. D. Riley, Laguna Beach; So. Cent., Frank Lorenzi, Los Angeles; W. Cent., R. J. Ladra, Salinas; E. Cent., Joseph Herb, Merced; Bay Dist., Charles Reynolds, Vallejo, and, No., G. B. Chapman, Stockton;

(Continued on page 44)



Above, Left to right: Ariz. State Pres. Homer D. Moore, D.D. F. H. Johnson, Special Representative Floyd Brown of the Elks National Service Commission, W. Evans Bagley, Manager of the Elks Tuberculosis Hospital at Tucson, E.R. I. D. Ferguson, and Mr. Anderson at the Arizona Hospital.



EDY OF EDY

The story of three great middleweights: Ketchel—Greb—and Walker.

THE prizefighter of today is a pampered, babied darling. He is slapped gently by masseurs, who try to knead the excess suet from his valuable carcass. He thinks training a necessary bore, and goes through the motions with the alacrity of a slave. When he is out of training, the modern prizefighter sometimes exhibits a paunch that makes him indistinguishable from a banker, except that the well-dressed banker is not likely to be sporting a flashy, chalk-striped suit.

In effect, today's fighter is more a businessman than a fighter. He knows more of gate receipts than he does of roadwork. He worries more about his television cut than he does the efficacy of his right cross.

Ray Arcel, the veteran trainer, used to scurry around butcher shops in the old days to get beef brine for his boys to soak their fists and faces in—to toughen their hides. Now, says Arcel with contempt, fighters have their fingernails manicured, and their hands smell of lotion.

When you get right down to it, the essential thing that has been lost over the passage of years is the love of fighting. The oldtimers would have considered—and those veterans of the ring wars who are alive still do—the johnny-come-latelies as powder-puff dandies, effete representatives of a declining civilization, Sandy Saddler, the late Marcel Cerdan and a few others excepted.

Nowhere is this more demonstrable than in a review of the great masters of the middleweights, that colorful collection of raging tigers who ranged up and down the scale of pugilistic weights to prove that "the bigger they are, the harder they fall". Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin . . . Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh

Windmill . . . Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog—these were three who could lick more than their weight in wildcats, and invariably went out of their way to try.

The three had an enormous zest for life. They loved to fight for the sake of fighting, and their thudding fists earned them fortunes—fortunes the same hands spent with ease and rapidity. They fought them all in the ring, from the welterweights to the heavyweights, giving away weight as carelessly as they threw away money.

Did they regret their way of life? Never. Mickey Walker, the only survivor of the big three of the middleweights, once summed up the philosophy for all of them. "I had a wonderful time fighting," he said. "I loved every minute of it. I often think if I had my days to live over again I wouldn't change a single thing—and I'd love every minute of it again."

THE first of these fabled fighters was Stanley Ketchel, whose one object, once inside the ropes, was to annihilate his opponent as quickly as possible. He was a killer—a two-fisted hitter who tore across the ring at the opening bell, and usually stopped punching only when his opponent was draped at his feet. He feared no one, and fought all comers, including the heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson. And Ketchel never weighed over 160 pounds in his life!

Born Stanislaus Kaicel in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on Sept. 14, 1886, of Polish parentage, this fighting fury tired of farm life at the age of twelve and moved on, with 30 cents and a chum, to seek his fortune elsewhere.

He reached Chicago, a wise, tough

and hungry kid, and promptly won the affection of an ex-fighter named "Socker" Flanagan by beating up an older and bigger kid who had disdainfully called him a tramp. Flanagan took the boy under his wing, gave him a much-needed meal, and put him to work in his restaurant. The kindly ex-pug also changed the kid's name to Ketchel, and taught him the rudiments of the art of self defense.

After a couple of years with Flanagan, Ketchel was off again—lured to the West by tales of cowboys and frontiersmen. He rode freights, and worked as a field hand, a miner, and a logger. In Butte, Montana, a wide-open mining town, Steve, as he was known, got a job as a bellhop. He worked his way up the social scale to a job as a bouncer by thrashing the man who held the job. That fun-loving worthy made the foolish mistake of tripping the youth when the kid's arms were burdened with dishes.

Steve took to his new job like a politician takes to an open microphone. He bounced burly cowhands and muscled miners off the walls with such monotonous regularity that, even in a town that considered itself tough, he quickly became a celebrity.

His first recorded fight—he later claimed that he had 250 fights that never appeared in a record book—took place in a honky-tonk against a welterweight named Jack Tracey.

Tracey, who offered ten dollars to anyone who could last four rounds with him, used to insure his money by placing his manager, armed with a sandbag, behind a curtain. If an opponent was too tough to handle in the ordinary manner, the manager would administer *le coup de grâce*

NAMMIE

BY CHARLES FEENEY AND JOHN HORN

when the unwary victim was backed into the curtain. Ketchel tore into Tracey with such ferocity that Tracey gave ground, careened into the curtain, and was hit simultaneously by both the sandbag and the Ketchel fist—either of which would have been sufficient.

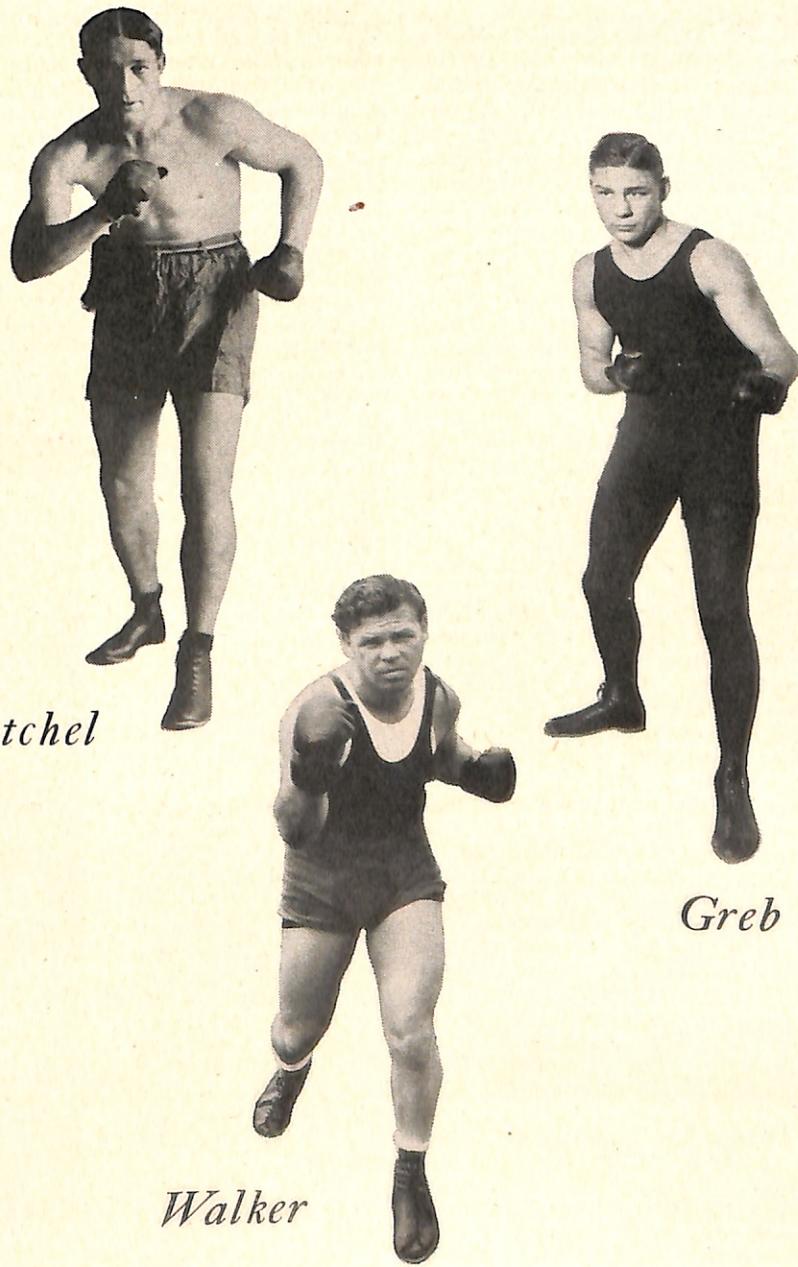
The battling bouncer from Butte became the local favorite. Supremely confident, he automatically figured the loser's share to be what the other fellow was going to get. He invariably bet his purse on himself.

When middleweight champion Tommy Ryan visited Montana, he agreed to meet the unknown Ketchel in a four-round exhibition. Ryan, an old and skilled campaigner who was one of the great middleweights, had to call on all his ringlore to last the distance. After it was over, Ryan, justifiably annoyed at his manager, said, "I suppose the next time you'll go to the zoo and rent a Bengal tiger for me to play with."

Having laid waste to all about him in Montana and neighboring states, Ketchel headed for California and the big time in 1907. His first bout was with the clever Negro, George Brown, who regarded the match as a tune-up for a meeting with the uncrowned middleweight king, Joe Thomas (Tommy Ryan had retired). It was a tune-up, all right, but not for Brown, for whom the music stopped playing in the third round.

So Ketchel met Thomas instead, and on July 4, 1907 they battled 20 furious rounds to a draw. They were re-signed for 40 rounds for Sept. 2, but the fight only lasted 32. Ketchel, tireless, an attacking whirlwind, knocked out Thomas in the 32nd round. So unceasing was his attack—he punched as hard and as rapidly at the end as he did in the first round—that the referee whispered to a friend at ringside, "This fellow

(Continued on page 39)



Ketchel

Greb

Walker

Rod and Gun

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



Schwartz told him to wrestle a farmer for a mess of trout—and the farmer overheard—it was not good.

Schwartz, Davies, Jack DeMotte and I were fishing for trout in the Snake River. It was January and so cold that we had to break the ice out of the guides frequently in order to cast. We were wearing all the clothes we owned and some we borrowed and, in spite of that, we shivered so much that we had to go to the car and take something to rivet our joints together again once every half-hour.

On top of that, we weren't doing so hot. Late in the afternoon we had a few trout—three, if you must know—and we were about to conclude that they couldn't be caught. In fact, we had just used up the last of our rivets and were standing beside the car talking about going home when we saw this character coming across the channel.

He was rowing a little rubber boat and it was skipping from one wave to the next. I don't like to say that he was walking it across the water on the oars, but that was the impression I got. When the boat hit shore, he stepped out. He was bareheaded and he wasn't wearing a coat. His blue, cotton shirt was unbuttoned halfway to his belt. If he was wearing underwear it was invisible. A six-year-old boar would have envied the bristles on his chest, and he was big. He was the kind of man that, if you put him in a cage with a grizzly bear, the Humane Society would get after you for cruelty to animals.

As soon as his feet hit the ground he raised up with his fishing tackle and a big string of trout in one hand, and the boat in the other. He walked a few yards to his truck and threw everything in. Then Schwartz said it. He said, "Rassle him for the fish, Davis."

The farmer just turned around and looked ready to rassle. He was the silent type. I glanced at Davies and he shrank six inches in six seconds. He seemed real small and pitiful, and I could see that he had come unriv-

eted again. I was about to feel sorry for him, but I underestimated the boy. Schwartz may talk more, but Davies talks better.

"Don't mind my cousin," he said. "He's a trusty at the nut house. They dropped him on his head when he was a baby."

So then we all admired the farmer's fish and went home. Funny things happen when you are fishing for trout in the winter.

OLD-WEATHER angling for trout and steelheads is a popular sport in the West. California, Oregon and Washington have runs of big steelheads. Idaho has streams that are open to trout, steelheads or both, the year around and a number of the other Western states permit trout fishing in certain waters during the short days.

A lot of this fishing is done with bait, but an artificial lure such as a red-and-white wobbling spoon will catch steelheads and trout whenever the water is clear enough for them to see it. Occasionally a fellow runs into some exceptional fly fishing when the snow is on the ground.

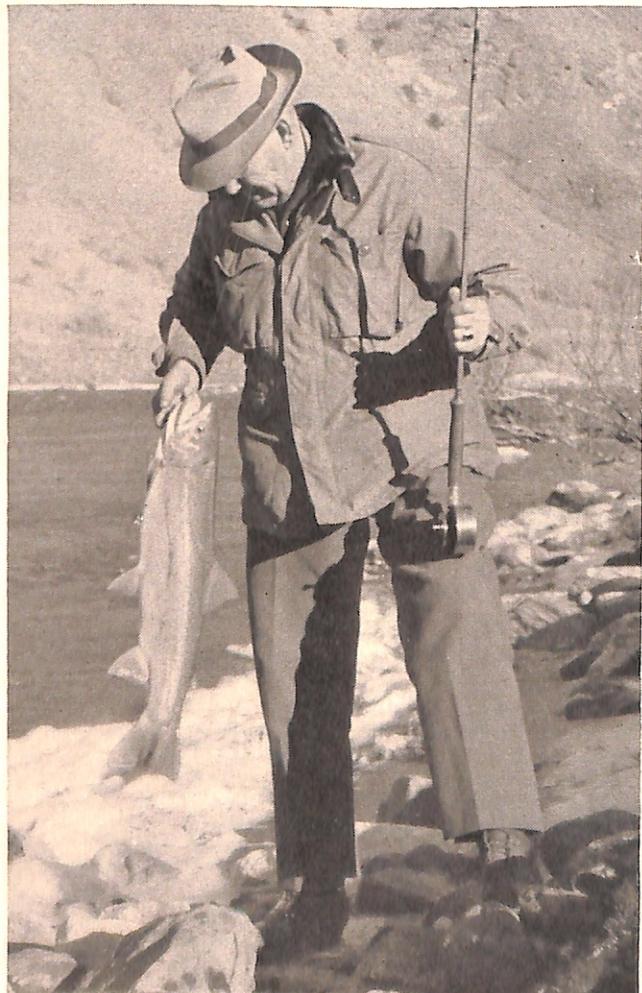
Last year, on March 1, the wind up the Malad River would have peeled a quince. It was cold enough so that I wore my down jacket all day long, and there was a mound of packed and drifted snow in every shady spot. I caught three nice trout on wet flies between ten o'clock and noon, however, and later in the day I ran into dry-fly fishing that was nearly as good as any I ever enjoyed during the summer.

About one p.m., after we had eaten lunch, a heavy hatch of small, dark May

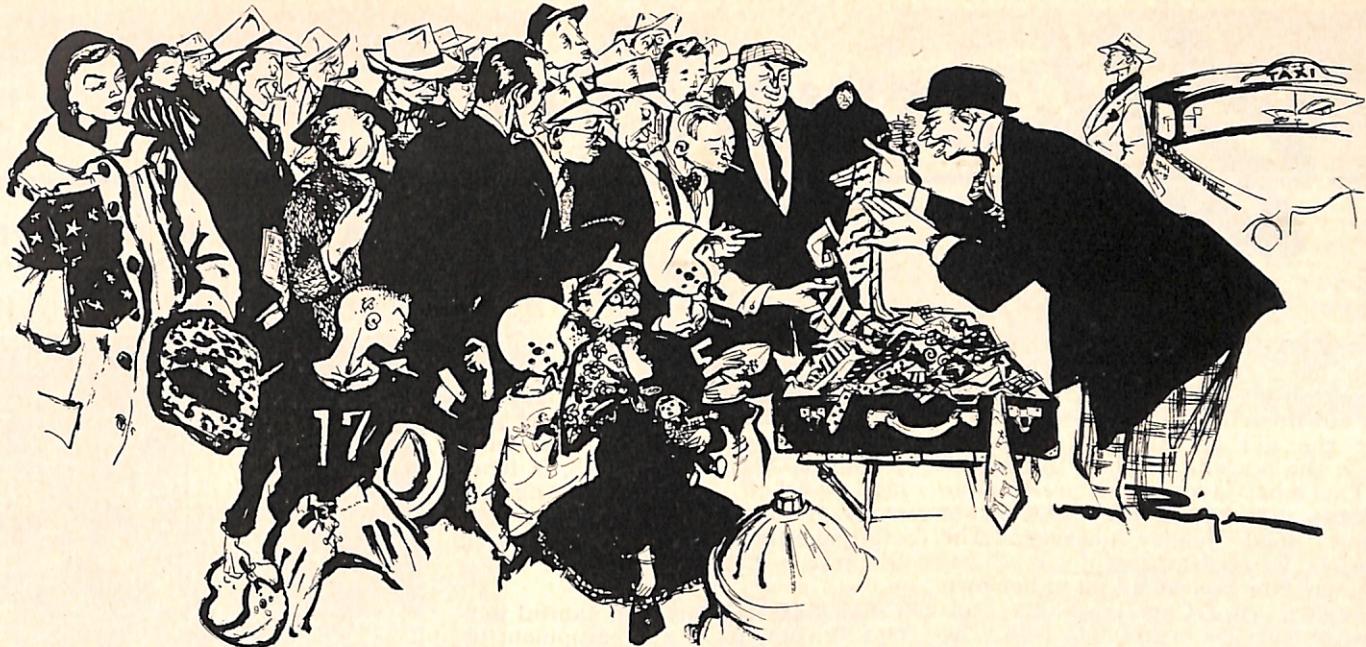
flies came off and the trout began to feed on them. I tried several patterns and finally discovered that a No. 18 Blue Dun was what they wanted. Then I went to town.

The water in the Malad is fast and as clear as grain alcohol. I had to use a 4X leader and, because of the fine gut and small flies, I lost a lot more fish than I landed, but that was all right. Any time a rainbow trout takes a dry fly and jumps once he doesn't owe me a thing.

I customarily release more fish than I creel, and I did so that day, but we were trout hungry and when evening came I had 12 of them, ranging from 11 to 18 inches long, in my basket. How can you ask for more? (Continued on page 46)



Steelheads hit in the winter, too. This one, taken from the Salmon River, pushed the pointer down to nine pounds.



IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

BUYER BEWARE

Whenever business is a little harder to get, Joe Gyp gets busy.

BY DICKSON HARTWELL



THE gyp era is commencing again and wise is the man who henceforth shops warily. It comes around every once in a while. Whenever business becomes a little harder to get, the smart apples begin figuring ways and means of getting it a little easier. A long time ago one of these smartie-parties discovered that an effective way to overcome sales resistance was to tell little white lies about whatever he wanted to sell. If, for example, Joe Gyp was hawking bottled water colored with iodine and flavored with nutmeg, he labelled it swamp root medicine and claimed it would cure its partaker of anything from warts and lumbago to dropsy and anemia. He succeeded in direct proportion to his ability to get people to believe what he told them. Only his conscience and powers of persuasion hampered speedy and enduring financial intake.

Nowadays, sellers of swamp-root cure-alls are hard put to it to make a living. Finger-burnt buyers got educated and ducked down side streets, tightly squeezing their pocketbooks when the medicine men appeared. But Joe Gyp steadily modernized his product and streamlined his approach. Through the years he has managed to stay at least one jump

ahead of Mr. Ultimate Consumer whose abiding faith in human nature seems pathetically undiminished.

What Joe Gyp sells and where he sells it have vastly changed since O. Henry immortalized the Gentle Grafter. However, the intent is the same: to pick up a fast buck—and the basic principle is the same, too: misrepresentation. Most of the schemes seem crude and even ludicrous when put on paper, but when one of them happens to you it is unfunny. And they happen every day. The total take is enormous.

ONE of the currently popular and profitable schemes suggests the pattern many of them follow, which is to imitate reputable concerns. A recent development in merchandising men's clothing is to sell suits in huge factory-like establishments, thereby effecting, say its proponents, worthwhile savings. Among our poor and honest gentlefolk there is a substantial popularity for making any kind of a saving, and factory-to-you sales plans are enjoying a current vogue. To latch on to some of this business, a few merchants are announcing "factory stores" which are really as remote from a factory as a retail establishment can get. There is no saving by eliminating jobbing and shipping costs, but the faithful swarm into them and pay regular prices for lower-grade merchandise under the impression they are getting great bargains. This is a high-class, modern gyp, but still a gyp.

Among the more profitable of such

frauds is one used in selling women's furs. Nobody loves a bargain more than a woman, especially when it's a bargain in stone marten, beaver, Persian lamb or maybe mink. When a normal woman sees her favorite fur cape on sale for "only \$195", but "worth up to \$595", she is likely to trample the children in her rush to snap up the obvious bargain.

Apparently, she never stops to think that only a fool would sell a fur for \$195 if it were really worth \$595, or even \$295. What that coat is worth is what the customer will pay for it and not a cent more. A mink coat may raise a lady's blood pressure but it should be appraised with the calm detachment of any other piece of merchandise selling for the same amount of money. To suggest goods are worth more than people will pay for them is either misrepresentation or *prima facie* evidence that the merchant will soon be bankrupt.

Normal female anxiety to own a fur coat makes the fur business a profitable operating ground for gyps. It also makes a big dent in the pocketbook of the male who eventually pays. The tricks are devious and plausible. To get customers they advertise fantastic bargains or show lustrous coats in the windows at an obviously low price. But the customer never gets a chance at these come-ons. They are always "just sold" or "the wrong size" and the high pressure is then put on to buy something else. Fur gyps will give verbal guarantees

(Continued on page 35)

ELK NEWSLETTER

WASHINGTON

ACCORDING to latest reports, at least one member of our family of nations is well on its way toward wiping out its dollar shortage—and without the aid of millions of dollars from the pockets of U. S. taxpayers.

This most-favored nation—Canada—owes her improving position to some good luck, however. The world's second largest user of petroleum, she has found oil in her own backyard—and Canada's dollar volume of petroleum imports last year was almost exactly the same as her dollar shortage.

The proved reserves of one Canadian province—Alberta—have been brought to at least a billion barrels by the discovery of two large oil fields with reserves of 500 million barrels. A pipeline to bring this vast store of petroleum to eastern Canada is now being pushed. Expected to supply about a third of Canada's petroleum needs, the new line is scheduled for operation early in 1951.

In addition to petroleum, Alberta has coal reserves of some 46 billion tons, tar sands containing an estimated 100 to 500 billion barrels of heavy asphaltic oil and natural gas reserves now estimated at six or seven trillion cubic feet. A natural gas pipeline to the Pacific Coast is being studied. The oil line now under way will have its eastern terminus in the Duluth area. Here tankers will take over the job of carrying the petroleum to Sarnia, Ontario.

WHILE CANADA is finding her way out of her dollar shortage, the Office of Business Economics has revealed the extent of U. S. aid to foreign countries to date. Gifts and grants under various foreign assistance programs are shown to have amounted to \$5,169 million in the last fiscal year. This is almost double the \$2,693 million figure for the previous year.

Total of such grants in the four postwar years has been fixed at \$13,260 million by The Clearing House for Foreign Transactions. China, one of the largest beneficiaries of U. S. Government grants since the end of the war, with a total of \$1,533 million, was given \$282 million in the fiscal year of 1949.

In addition to outright gifts, aid extended to foreign countries on a loan or other credit basis amounted to \$1,138 million in the last fiscal year. Exclusive of World War I debts which still remain unpaid, foreign countries owed our Government \$9,846 million as of June 30, 1949.

RECENT FIGURES show the net debt of all borrowers in the United States to be \$429 billion, an increase of \$14 billion, while the rate of personal savings, which rose steadily from mid-1947 to mid-1948, is tending to level off. However, savings are currently running at nine per cent of disposable income, as compared to three per cent in 1947.

REVISED REPORTS on capital outlays for new plant and equipment by American business, exclusive of agriculture, now indicate that expenditures in the last half of 1949 will be 14 per cent below the second half of 1948. All major industry groups, except railroads and the electric and gas utilities are cutting back. The utilities are expecting to wind up 1949 with outlays amounting to \$400 million more than last year.

THE RURAL ELECTRIFICATION ADMINISTRATION reports that more than three quarters of American farms are now connected with power lines. The number of electrified farms in the country is placed at 4,582,016. Of the record-breaking number of connections made during the year, 77 per cent was made by REA-financed cooperatives and other borrowers.

ANOTHER STRAW IN THE WIND of southern farm economics is found in the upland cotton carry-over. The Department of Agriculture has just revealed that the carry-over of cotton on August 1 averaged higher in grade than for any other year since 1941, and is the longest in staple on record. There were 5,283,358 bales in the total carry-over of all kinds of cotton this year, with 3,816,000 in the stocks of the Commodity Credit Corporation—as against last year's carry-over of 3,079,853 bales of which only a small quantity was in CCC stocks.

FROM THE HOME OF THRIFT come plans for the development of a large chemical industry based on seaweed. The Scotch Seaweed Research Association says the use of seaweed products is well-established, and describes the demand for them as "heavy", but it emphasizes the importance of "economical harvesting" of the raw material.

A GERMAN INVENTOR has developed a new electrical device for catching fish. According to reports, the device employs two electrodes to



which is applied a variable voltage. First tried out on Lake Constance, and later in salt water, the varying electrical voltage of the device is said to relax the tail muscles of fish entering the electrical field and to propel them toward the positive electrode, where the net is placed. That's what they say.

A BRITISH FIRM is reported to have developed an unusual design in aluminum buildings, featuring roof suspension by steel cables, rather than by conventional truss members. Available in sizes from 2,646 to 34,200 square feet of floor space, the new buildings are said to be easily erected and are portable.

THE LOWLY POTATO CHIP recently has come under the scrutiny of Washington experts. Department of Agriculture scientists report that they have tested chips of six commercial varieties of potatoes for color, yield and approximate oil content. The first factor is of interest chiefly to consumers; the others are the concern of chip manufacturers. As earlier surveys had already indicated, they found that, like all chips off old blocks, the quality of chips off potatoes is directly related to variety.

WOULD-BE MANUFACTURERS interested in locking the barn before the horse is stolen should welcome the Department of Commerce's "100 Questions Which Every Prospective Manufacturer Should Ask Himself". The questions were prepared as part of a broad program to minimize economic waste caused by business failures. Write to the Office of Small Business, U. S. Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., for information about this booklet, as well as many others of outstanding interest.

**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED
BY THE ELKS**

**NATIONAL
SERVICE
COMMISSION**



Chairman James T. Hallinan of the Elks National Service Commission receives pottery tumblers and trays made by the women paraplegics at the Kingsbridge VA Hospital, Bronx, N. Y. Left is Frank Redmond, Chairman of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge's Hospital Committee; center, P.E.R. and State Senator Frank D. O'Connor.



San Francisco, Calif., Lodge's Billiard Team entertains wheel-chair veterans from Letterman General Hospital who visited the lodge home not long ago.



Servicemen and junior hostesses take time out for refreshments at one of the bi-weekly parties at the famous Elks Patio of Columbia, South Carolina, Lodge.



Elk entertainers mingle with VA patients at a program given by New Hampshire Elks.



The Glee Club of Richmond, Calif., Lodge and their famous Minstrel group entertain at the Veterans National Home on special invitation.



News of the Lodges



Flora, Ill., Lodge presents a \$5,000 check to Clay County Hospital for X-ray room equipment. Left to right are lodge officers Secy. Robert B. Campbell, Lect. Knight Clyde S. Johnson, Loyal Knight Edward W. Mann, Lead. Knight Ralph A. Richey, E.R. Fred McCollum, Hospital Supt. Mary V. Sours, Chairman O. E. Blair of the Clay County Board of Supervisors, Hospital Chief of Staff Dr. H. D. Fehrenbacher and Dr. L. L. Hutchins, President of the Clay County Medical Society.



Officers of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge with Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, third from left, rear row, at the ceremonies which marked the dedication of the lodge's handsome new home.

GREAT BEND, KANS., Lodge, No. 1127, turned over to the local Fire Dept. its gift of a resuscitator for the use of the community at brief ceremonies not long ago. Taking part in the presentation were E.R. William Cook and other Elk officers, Fire Chief Walter Sears, P.E.R., and Asst. Chief Clarence C. Myers. This is the second resuscitator No. 1127 has given the Department in the past five years.

LYNDHURST, N. J., Lodge, No. 1505, marked the opening of its handsome new home with three important features. The first was the Ritualistic Dedication, the ceremonies for which were handled by the P.E.R.'s of No. 1505. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan was the principal speaker. A few evenings later a formal dinner dance for members and their families attracted over 250 persons.

On the following Saturday afternoon, over 1,000 Elks and six bands paraded from the Municipal Building to the new home for the dedication ceremonies and exhibitions contiguous to the formal public opening. Taking part was a large group of paraplegic veterans for whom the New Jersey Elks have done so much. Mayor Carmine Savino headed the list of speakers, among whom were State Pres. Harold Swallow, P.D.D. Joseph Bader, Commissioner James A. Breslin, P.E.R., and E.R. J. W. Edmonds.

(Continued on page 26)

ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE ANNOUNCEMENT

In compliance with the request of the Lodge Activities Committee, during December, lodges all across this country will be initiating groups of representative citizens in tribute to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's goal is a million membership by January 1st.

The Lodge Activities Committee's goal is to accomplish this through the initiation of the Anderson Class.

Let the goal of each lodge be one hundred per cent cooperation with the Order's leader and the Activities Committee.

ELK MEMORIAL DAY

Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of this Committee requests that each Exalted Ruler do everything in his power to insure that the Memorial Day Service on the 4th of this month be an outstanding credit to his lodge and the hallowed memory of our departed Brothers.

All lodges are invited to submit photographs and accounts of their services for consideration toward the publication of a report in this Magazine. This material should be mailed to Committeeman M. B. Chase, 321 Colorado Ave., La Junta, Colo., no later than Dec. 15.

STRAY ELKS ROUNDUP

The Committee reports that although this event was most successful, those lodges which were unable to stage the Roundup during October are at liberty to do so any time before Dec. 31st.



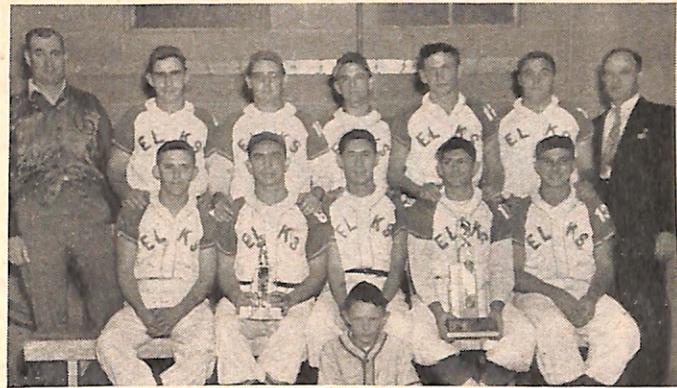
Cumberland, Md., Lodge's Softball Team which won the Tri-State Assn., Western Dist., and the Rocking Chair Softball League Tournaments.



The Elkettes, girls' softball team sponsored by Asheboro, N. C., Lodge, closed the 1949 season with an outing in which they were joined by their families and members of the lodge.



Elks' sons and sportsmen, with the prizes awarded by Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge's Youth Committee on Father-Son Sportsmen's Night.



The Bicknell, Ind., Lodge Softball Team, winner of the League Championship for 1948 and 1949, pictured with a few of its trophies.



Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge's All-Stars Softball Champions for the 1949 National League, and Southern Calif. Champions. Former All-Stars train the Junior Elks Softball Team.



Cullman, Ala., Elk Baseball Team, winners of 18 games out of 27.



Above are the two bowling teams of Milton, Pa., Lodge which competed in the American Bowling Congress this year.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SHELF

HOLIDAY TOKEN

A Christmas Story by William Fay

(Continued from page 9)

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with the genuine
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relaxing stimulation
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structions enclosed with each
watch. SEND NO MONEY.
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arcade. He carried projector, camera and golf clubs into this recess where he could remain unseen, sheltered from the bite of the wind, if not from the inescapable cold. But his teeth continued to chatter. He felt chilled and pale as a penguin's vest. There was a lunchroom on the corner not far away and he felt a desperate need for coffee. He believed, for a time, at least, that his possessions in the black depths of the old arcade would be safe.

"Just coffee," he told the man behind the counter. "Coffee and—well let me have one of those doughnuts." Because his hunger was rising as rapidly as the smoke from the grill and the spending of 15 cents wouldn't make much difference one way or another. He wished that pawnbroker would come along.

"Looks like a white Christmas, don't it?" The counterman ran a damp rag over the counter surface. "Makes it look real nice outside."

Alden shrugged, and raised his eyes to the man without comment. Here was that giddy sentiment again, a fault he could possibly overlook in Mary, but not in anyone else. Why didn't people smarten up? A white Christmas, he supposed, had made many a stockingful for Irving Berlin who wrote a song of the same title. But as for the holiday itself, it struck Alden as a kind of conspiracy between the department stores and those sweet souls of the Salvation Army who liked to thump their frozen hands against the crisp gut of their silly tambourines. Addison Mitchell Hubert, his recent employer, was a great one for Christmases, too, and Addison Mitchell Hubert had the morals of a jackal. That's what had brought things to a head this afternoon. He put 15 cents on the counter, pulled up his coat collar and walked outside. He saw the lights of the pawnshop come on in full strength and cast a soft glow over the snow. Well, about time, anyhow. An "El" train passed overhead, noisy as ever and gaudy with lights. Alden entered the deeply recessed doorway of the old Third Avenue penny-arcade.

"Go ahead, shoot me," a voice said clearly, distinctly. "Kick my brains

out, you yeller bum, while I can't get off my back."

Alden stopped, unable to speak or respond in any sensible way.

"You a cop, Mac—maybe?" The voice wasn't strong, but it carried a ring of hope.

"I'm—well, I'm nothing," Alden heard himself say stupidly. "I just came in here to get my—"

"Then, for the luvva God, mister—gimme a hand. I'm not a bum, you hear? I'm not a drunk. I'm shot, mister."

It was like a movie, like a trap, like the wild things that had been happening to him all day. Alden wanted to get away from there. Away from other people's troubles, of course, and back to the practical nursing of his own. His own and Mary's, but certainly not this. He was afraid, too, because he had never had an experience like this.

"You'll hafta lift me, Mac; I don't think I'm a gone goose yet, but they sure made me lose some feathers. Easy now."

Alden lifted and dragged the heavy man to the snow-covered sidewalk where streetlights dimly illuminated the scene. A short, stocky man, perhaps fifty, with the sweat standing big as lemon drops on a brow that should have been cold, looked up at him. A round face, it was, with the features contorted in a kind of tortured grin.

"No sense now screamin' for a cop, Mac; an amberlanse'd be better. I got a—easy; lemme down a minute."

Alden, helpless and indecisive, let his burden slip to the snow. The man's overcoat hung open and the buttons were ripped from his jacket; you could see the blood seeping through the top of his trousers. On the street, no other signs of life, no other hands to help. "Why me?" he asked himself. He saw a taxicab approaching and he thought of his possessions in the darkened doorway, his mission fulfilled. "Why me, dammit! Why does it have to be me!" And then he shouted to the cab.

SAINT MARGARET'S HOSPITAL, to which Alden Cranshaw's wife had been admitted that afternoon, was in the seventies—far enough east



to be in sight of the river, and sufficiently large to be imposing. At the door of the accident room, the nurse in charge said to Alden, "His name, please?"

"I don't know his name."

"He didn't tell you?"

"He passed out in the cab," Alden said. "Like I told you, I just stumbled over him. Never saw him before. Possibly they'll find some papers or identification on him. Now, if you'll excuse me."

"One moment, please, Mr. —?"

"Cranshaw. Alden W. Cranshaw."

"Well, Mr. Cranshaw," the nurse said, looking at him more directly, "when a man has been shot, it is a police case, and naturally they've already been notified. Nothing for you to worry about, of course, but there are formalities. Now, if you will sit right here?"

Alden didn't sit right there. Not for more than a moment, anyhow. He wanted to shriek in protest against this latest imposition. Wasn't it enough to be broke and out of a job, with your wife upstairs in the labor room, and the blood of some bum all over your clothes? He sat momentarily on the bench and scanned the length of the scrubbed and shining corridor. A tall nun opened a door, then closed it gently behind her. She carried in her hands a Christmas tree that stood no higher than a loaf of bread. She smiled benignly at Alden, then moved with that mysterious and floating quality he had observed in other good sisters at the hospital. From somewhere he could hear the soft strains of "Silent Night" being played and sung.

Alden waited a moment. He watched the nun pass out of sight, then as quickly as discretion would allow, he moved. He pressed open the door marked EXIT, just behind the accident room, and then he was in the parking field behind the hospital. He passed a parked ambulance and several cars with MD on their license plates. Once in the street, he hastened his stride, and then began running toward Third Avenue, and the darkened area where he had left his camera, projector and his golf clubs. He felt about with both hands in the darkness, anxiously, at first, and then with wild alarm. They were gone! Gone, dammit! He began to swear and almost to weep. He walked out to the street, talking in anguish to



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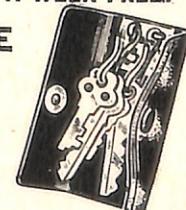
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himself. The pawnbroker, several doors away, was closing his shop and turning the key in the lock. "Merry Christmas," the pawnbroker said, and Alden couldn't take it any more. In a kind of frenzy, he made snowballs, then tossed them wildly at the retreating pawnbroker's head.

"Hey, you!"

Alden turned, defiant. A police patrol car had stopped at the curb.

"Listen, is your name Cranshaw?"

"That's right. What about it?"

"You'll learn more about that when we get back to Saint Margaret's Hospital, wise guy. Get in the car. What's the idea of running away?"

THE detective-sergeant's name was Foley. He wore a blue serge suit with a remarkable shine on the seat of the pants, and he removed his hat only on those occasions when one of the nuns passed by. Detective Foley was a wholesome looking man, but totally unimpressed, it would seem, with Alden Cranshaw's personal problems.

"All right," said Foley, "so your wife is having a baby. My wife's had six. We're not trying to persecute you, mister; we've got work to do. You brought in a body. All right. But the guy had been shot, an' that's *not* all right, because he arrives unconscious and with no identification on him, according to the nurses and the doctors. So how do we know that you didn't shoot him?"

Alden stared in startled disbelief at detective-sergeant Foley. Such an angle had never occurred to him, nor was it conceivable that anyone could mark *him* for a common criminal.

"Well, how do we know it?" Foley repeated. "You say you were passing a doorway on Third Avenue and heard this guy calling for help. Could be. But why, then, soon as you get him off your hands—why do you sneak out of here like a package thief and go right back to the same place where you found him. Why?"

"Well," Alden said, "I was—I was looking for something."

"Looking for what?"

Here pride strolled in, as large as an elephant, and gored the truth with both tusks. Because Alden couldn't bring himself to say that he had been hell-bent for a hock shop, or that he, Alden W. Cranshaw, until that afternoon a junior executive with the important firm of Hubert and Hines, had been mushing through a snow-

storm with his golf clubs on his back.

"I was looking for a package I dropped," Alden said.

"What kind of a package?"

Alden's temper rose. The whole world was picking on him, trying to beat him down, trying to hurt him and hurt Mary, too. He was sick of people and sick of Christmas. You could have Christmas and you could have the people, including Sergeant Foley.

"What's the difference what kind of a package?" Alden said. "If this fellow tells you who shot him, and it didn't happen to be me, that's sufficient, isn't it?"

"If he tells us that—then, yes," said Foley, "and it's not like me to pick on expectant fathers. But I can advise you, young feller, that you may need a better story than the one you've been giving me, just in case the man they're operating on upstairs doesn't wake up again. You understand?"

Alden sat there, understanding only too well, and the clock ticked on the wall like the hammer of doom. Alden said nothing for a moment. The clock said it was now twenty minutes past seven—just about four hours since he had first brought Mary to the hospital. Easy now; don't get excited, he warned himself.

He said to Foley, "You don't mind if I go upstairs to inquire about my wife, do you?" And he was half prepared, should Foley object, to hit the man with any blunt instrument at hand.

"Merry Christmas," said Foley. "The place is yours. Just as long as you don't leave the building."

MARY'S room was 704, and the nicest thing about it—even nicer than the crisp, polka-dotted curtains, or the view of the river—was the fact that it had been paid for in advance.

Mrs. Cranshaw? Mrs. Cranshaw, the nurse-in-charge told Alden, was still in the labor room, and doing as well as might be expected, because it wasn't wise, after all, to hasten Nature. Well, was it? And Alden replied, in his own, stupid way, that he didn't know.

"How about Dr. Farnley?" Alden asked. "What does he say?"

"Dr. Farnley is being kept informed," the nurse assured him. "And don't you think you would be more comfortable in the waiting-



room, sir? It's just down the hall."

Alden didn't argue. He was confused to the point where he wished only for a pause in which he could think things through. He walked into the waiting-room and looked dully at the stacked magazines on a table there, none of which sharpened his interest, and then at the portrait of an unknown saint, looking innocently over his beard. Alden sat on a cushioned sofa and slowly lighted a cigarette. He was numb with his troubles and the unceasing pressure of events. Suppose that man *did* die?

"Hello," somebody said.

Alden looked around and saw the same tall nun he had observed downstairs. He rose to his feet, reluctantly. The nun carried a cloth in one hand and a small basin of water in the other. Alden could not have told you what kind of respect it was that had caused him, in his tiredness, to stand. This nun had a look of serenity that was more haunting than disturbing, and he had some feeling—certainly not clear to himself—that she could help him.

"Mr. Cranshaw," the nun said to

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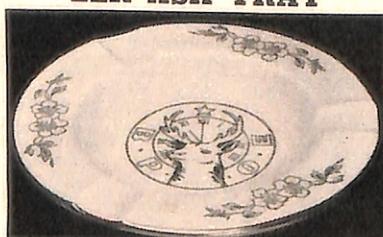
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Alden, "I am Sister Augustine, the superintendent here. Could I help you?"

"Yes," he was about to say, but it didn't make any sense. "Help me?" was what he really said; pride, once again, was stalking him. "I don't think so, Sister; I don't need any help. All I'd like to know is some way to help my wife."

"You might try a few prayers," Sister Augustine suggested.

"Try what?"

"Prayers," she repeated. "I know they're a little out of fashion in some circles, but I can recommend them, and this is a particularly good time for prayer. It's Christmas."

"So I've been hearing." His tone was cynical, and he knew it, and furthermore, he told himself, he didn't care. Sister Augustine's soft and level gaze was on him, penetrating somehow, waking in him memories of things he had long ago chosen to forget. He returned her gaze, defiant, though she seemed by this in no way disturbed. "Well, I never saw the Lord climb out of a boat and walk on the waters for me,"

"Then perhaps you've never asked Him."

Then a silence, and his loneliness was multiplied. This talk of prayer, this whistling to Heaven for assistance, suddenly scared him. "Do you mean by this," he said, "that Mary's in serious trouble? Is there something I should know that you haven't told me?"

"I wouldn't say serious, Mr. Cranshaw; no—except that it's often difficult with a first child. I'd just try to get some rest, if I were you, and I think you'll find that this plain water will take those bloodstains out of your clothes." Then Sister Augustine left him.

Alden dabbed with the wet cloth at the stains on his jacket and was fairly successful. The jacket, when buttoned, he knew, would cover the stains at the top of his trousers. He was woefully tired, and the lids of his eyes kept closing. He put the basin and the cloth aside. He sat there, weary, and frightened, too, thinking of Mary and his helplessness, the troubles of the day, his lack of money, his lack of a job, and the ominous presence of Sergeant Foley. The bearded saint looked down from the wall. "Why not try a prayer?" the saint seemed to be saying. "After all, what can you lose?" But Alden had not prayed since childhood, and

furthermore, the saint annoyed him. Saints, he decided, like Easter Bunnies, were myths and superstitions. So he looked away. He lighted another cigarette. He crossed his fingers, for luck, then asked himself, "Who's superstitious now?" A man must depend on something and suppose that Mary—well, suppose—Dear God, he burst out, help her. Help us both! And then he sat confused, and ashamed of his weakness, as though the tall nun, with her impenetrable manner and her mystical eyes, had seduced his intelligence. He stretched out on the sofa, seeking to free his mind of problems beyond himself. His aching body relaxed. His heavy eyes closed. He dreamed fitfully of cops and saints and golf bags, and of snowdrifts high as houses. Then after a while, more mercifully, Alden Cranshaw merely slept. . . .

"Hey, mister! Hey!"

There was someone shaking him. Alden sat upright, in alarm. He was aware of having dozed for no more than a moment. At least it seemed that way. "What's the matter?" he asked, then he saw the cop.

"Foley," the cop said. "Sergeant Foley wants you."

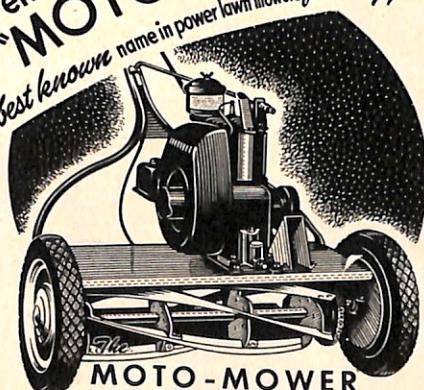
They took an elevator to the third floor and the cop led the way along a hall to Room 310. "In there," the cop said. Alden opened the door and stepped inside. The drug of sleep hadn't left his eyes or his senses. On the high, narrow bed, with his stomach forming a kind of hill, Alden saw the stout little man he had rescued from the doorway on Third Avenue. The man was alive, all right. He even wore the same crooked grin on his round face. He didn't exactly wave his hand. He just moved his fingers in a kind of greeting, the grin growing wider across the pale face. Alden swallowed dryly. Sergeant Foley sat in a wooden armchair, his big feet anchored on the radiator. "Say 'Hello' to the *corpus delicti*," Sergeant Foley said. "Mr. Cranshaw, this is Harry Bingo, one of Manhattan's gamest guys, an' Harry—well, this is your personal Saint Bernard dog—with out the jug o' rum."

"Many thanks, pal." Mr. Harry Bingo spoke softly, and with some effort, but distinctly. "Sorry I putcha to all that trouble. Kinda funny in a way." The large, luminous eyes turned to Sergeant Foley. "Tell 'im, Jim."



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"Well, Harry here," said Sergeant Foley, "is not supposed to talk much. The doctor's orders. Harry's tough, all right, but he's not that tough, on account of they had to take out a piece of his stomach where the slug went in. Funny the victim should turn out to be a friend of mine, huh, Cranshaw?"

Alden didn't think it was funny. He was captivated less by comedy than by the calm, optimistic courage of the little man who was gazing at him from the bed.

"Harry," Foley continued, "was waiting for a hock shop to open on Third Avenue. He used to own that penny arcade, next to where you found him and—well, let's just say that Harry was a little short of ready cash for Christmas, and he had a couple of diamond rings he wanted to pawn. It happens the pawnbroker is out of his shop a few minutes when what happens but along come a couple of bums who know about Harry's rocks—the diamonds, I mean, and they stick him up. So then what happens?"

Here Foley paused, laughing, and here, too, Mr. Harry Bingo, with his stomach wrapped like a mummy's head, seemed overcome with mirth.

"So these guys," said Foley, "they say to Harry, 'Give us the rocks,' and what does Harry do? Why, he swallows them. He swallows them both, like popcorn, and he says to these guys, 'Help yourself, boys.' That's when they shot him in the belly."

"Funny, huh?" said Harry Bingo. And then, to Foley, "Show 'im."

Sergeant Foley dug carefully into a vest pocket and produced a pair of diamond rings. Each solitaire shone magnificently. "Better'n two full carats each," Harry Bingo said softly, while Foley admired the stones. "Tell 'im, Jim; ask 'im which one."

"Well, the idea," Foley said, "is that Harry wants you to have one of these. Either one's worth more than a thousand bucks. For a Merry Christmas, Harry says, account of you saved his life."

Alden stood there, while Harry Bingo grinned at him. Alden wanted to weep. A thousand dollars!

"Go ahead," said Harry Bingo; "take one."

"I can't," Alden said.

Because he knew he could not. His personal problems shriveled before the other man's courage and the size

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NEW 1950 HALVORFOLD Loose leaf pass case, billfold and card case. Millions of fraternal, lodges and railway men carry this most popular of wallets. Hand Crafted from high grade durable leathers, giving years of satisfactory service. In beautiful alligator grained calfskin or smooth pigskin. Over size loose leaf renewable pass windows. Fastened with a large snap button. Size closed 3 1/4" x 4 3/4". **FREE** when remittance accompanies order. Name, address and favorite lodge emblem engraved in 23K Gold. Postpaid at special rates. Price \$5.00, 12 Pass \$5.25, 16 Pass \$5.50. Fed. Tax included. Money refunded if not more than pleased. Special prices in quantity orders for gifts, retiring members, etc. Ask for circular of other gifts in leather. Print for gold engraving instructions, and check kind and color wanted.

• Brown Alligator Grained Calfskin. () Smooth Black Pigskin. () Smooth Brown Pigskin. No Canada Orders.

ALLIANCE LEATHER GOODS CO.
465 W. Broadway Dept. 51 Alliance, Ohio

GIFTS FOR Customers
Employees
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HOENSHEL

Brandied FRUIT CAKE

With loads of glazed fruits and choice nuts—mellow old brandy and fine sherry—these dark fruit cakes delight everyone. You'll love them too! **Plifilm inner-wrapped**. Shipped to you or individually to list. **THE DARK CAKE**—1½ lb., \$2.05; 3 lb., \$3.82; 5 lb., \$6.02; 3 lb. with brandied hard sauce, \$4.57. **A LIGHT CAKE**—2 lb., \$2.25. **PUDDINGS**—(Plum, Fig, Fig-and-Date) 2 lb., \$1.65 ea. **BRANDIED HARD SAUCE**—10 oz., 75¢; **CINNAMON TOAST SPREAD**—10 oz., 69¢. **West of Denver**, add 10¢ per pound. Send check or money order.

HOENSHEL FINE FOODS, 1004 Hancock St., Sandusky, Ohio
Largest Individual Maker of Fruit Cake in the World.

of the other man's spirit. He felt cheap and tiny and miserably mean.

"For your missus," said Harry, "an' the kid."

Alden went over to him and pressed the pale hands. "Thanks," he said, "but I can't. I'll tell you about it some other time." Harry Bingo looked disappointed.

Sergeant Foley said, "Hey, Cranshaw," and Alden turned around to face him. "Look, Cranshaw," Foley

(Continued on page 47)



The handsomely caparisoned Drum and Bugle Corps of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, winners of the National Championship in 1949.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

CLAREMONT, N. H., Lodge, No. 879, held a two-way celebration when D.D. Charles T. Durell's official visit coincided with the 45th Anniversary of the lodge.

Ceremonies opened with a luncheon, followed by the initiation of a class of candidates. Speakers included Mr. Durell, State Pres. Michael J. Nadeau, P.D.D.'s H. H. Rice and Benjamin Hopkins, 1st Vice-Pres. Edward Theriault, Past Pres. Joseph L. Collette, and present and former leaders of visiting lodges. Guest speaker was Wally White, sports editor of the Claremont *Daily Eagle*. Following the initiation, a dinner was held, with Mayor Charles F. Keeley addressing the group.

CONN. P.E.R.'S ASSN. honored three of the State's most devoted Elks when more than 250 members paid tribute to James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee; P.D.D. Harry C. Brown and Martin J. Cunningham, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin and James R. Nicholson and Grand Trustee Thomas J. Brady were present. George W. Hickey, former member of the Lodge Activities Committee, was Toastmaster at the dinner at which many former State Assn. and District Deputies took recognition of the records of loyalty, achievement and leadership of these men whose combined years of service to the Order add up to well over 100.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Lodge, No. 788, reports that its Fresh Air Fund enjoyed its greatest success during the past year in raising a total of \$2,511.09 with the cooperation of the local Independent Press.

Chairman Thomas Davies reported that 74 underprivileged children went to the 1949 summer camp for a total of 156 weeks. The Bloomfield Elks have sent more than 200 children to camp during the past three seasons.



Beverly Ames receives her Elks National Foundation \$200 scholarship from Daniel A. Manley, Asst. Headmaster of Medford High School, a member of Medford, Mass., Lodge.



Sanna L. Callio accepts the Tenn. State Elks Assn. scholarship from Don D. Cowen, Chairman of Oak Ridge Lodge's Scholarship Committee, in the presence of her parents.



Betty F. Magyar accepts a \$300 scholarship award from P.E.R. B. H. McCoy of Reading, Pa., Lodge. Left, D.D. C. C. Buckwalter; second from right, E.R. Raymond C. Diehl.



Left: A group of youngsters at "Aidmore", the Crippled Children's Hospital maintained by Georgia Elks, watch entertainers from the Southeastern Fair who visit the Hospital each year. With the children are, left to right: Pres. J. Clayton Burke of the Crippled Children League of Ga., Past State Pres.; Chairman R. G. Pruitt of the League's Board of Directors, D.D.; Pres. Ellen Dwyer of the "Aidmore" Ladies Auxiliary, and Pres. Mike Benton of the Fair Association who sponsored the show.

Right: Officers, joined by D.D. Ben L. Rowekamp and P.D.D. Forrest C. Simon, lay the cornerstone for the new home of Piqua, Ohio, Lodge to take the place of the building which was destroyed by fire over a year ago.



Left: Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge donated a Monaghan Portable Respirator to the local Chapter of the Infantile Paralysis Committee. E.R. H. L. Broas presents the check to Trustee and Co. Chairman E. H. Gould as other Elk officials look on.

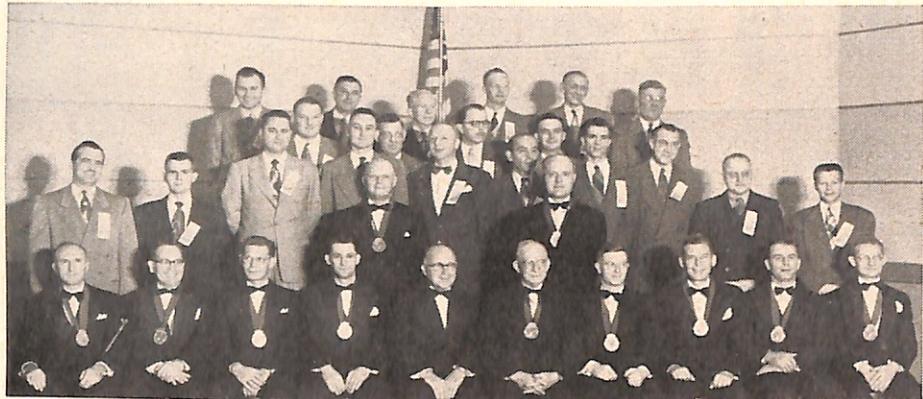
Right: E.R. Robert Ellingen, assisted by his corps of officers of Mendota, Ill., Lodge, conducted the ceremony for the laying of the cornerstone to the city's new hospital.



NEWS OF THE LODGES



Officials of Everett, Mass., Lodge pictured with a few of the 2,260 youngsters the lodge entertained on an all-day boat trip to historic Plymouth. Left to right: P.D.D. Wm. F. Hogan, Youth Activities Chairman H. George Marchant, P.E.R. John J. Rocco and E.R. John F. Golden, Jr.



District Deputy S. Glen Converse, seated center, is pictured with the officers of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge and the class of 20 candidates initiated in commemoration of his official visit.



Goshen, Ind., Lodge welcomed Past Grand Exalted Rulers George I. Hall and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary. Seated, left to right: D.D. L. W. Williams, State Pres. Robert DeHority, Mr. Hall, E.R. Warren Berlin. Standing: State Sgt.-at-Arms Al Schlorch, 2nd Vice-Pres. Roy Jorg, State Secy. C. L. Shideler, Ind. No. Secy. Floyd Saxton, Grand Treas. Joseph B. Kyle, Mr. Masters. These officials also visited Crawfordsville, South Bend, LaFayette, Peru and Indianapolis, Ind., Lodges.



New York, N.Y., Lodge's Outing Committee at this year's event.

JUDICIARY COMMITTEE ANNOUNCEMENT

The Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge reminds all lodge Secretaries that proposed amendments to By-Laws, must be submitted in duplicate; that when a certification is attached, it, too, must be in duplicate. The lodges also are urged to fulfill their obligation by revising their By-Laws periodically. It is incumbent upon each District Deputy, especially at the time of his official visit, to emphasize to the officers of every lodge in his jurisdiction the importance of this obligation.

Cooperation in both these matters is vital to the proper execution of the duties of this Committee.

WELLSVILLE, N.Y., Lodge, No. 1495, celebrated its 25th Anniversary with a program at which Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and George I. Hall were the principal speakers. State Pres. George Swalbach, D.D. T. Lawrence Cusick, State Vice-Pres. J. J. Bowen and Past State Vice-Presidents Richard Gavagan and Howard Allan, P.D.D.'s Howard Rieger, Frank Morton and Charles Niland, and other present and former State Elk officials were in attendance at the meeting. Mayor Thomas C. Martin, P.E.R., made the civic welcome, and E.R. William Watson extended the greeting for the host lodge, with P.D.D. C. M. McGinnis acting as Master of Ceremonies.

NEW JERSEY ELKS ASSN. officials met for their quarterly meeting at the home of Weehawken Lodge. Fifty-five of the 62 lodges in the State were represented in the 350 persons in attendance, with Mayor John G. Meister offering the visitors the "key" to his city. Announcement of a drive, spearheaded by the Elks, for the building of a cerebral palsy hospital in Bergen County was made. It was reported that a successful drive headed by the Passaic County Elks had resulted in the collection of \$87,000 for a hospital for cerebral palsy victims of that area.

NORTH CAROLINA ASSN. officials report that the 1949 season for the Boys Camp the Assn. maintains found over 400 young Americans entertained for the eight-week period, with 28 lodges represented. The camp boasts two gyms, a concrete swimming pool, two lakes, an athletic field, and infirmary, is free of debt and going strong under the direction of Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight B. A. Whitmire, a member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee. During its five-year existence, 2,000 boys have vacationed there.

This year, one of N.C.'s oldest colleges leased the camp as training quarters for the pre-football season period.

ILLINOIS SOUTH Elks met at Marion for their Fall Conference. Over 670 members were on hand, with guests swelling the crowd to more than 1,000. A great deal of important business was accomplished, with the campaign to have a membership of 50,000 for the State at the year's end, and the veterans entertainment programs receiving first attention.

At the dinner honoring State Pres. W. G. Maltby, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland was the principal speaker, while Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell had the pleasure of introducing Mrs. Campbell and

the wives of other Elk dignitaries to the gathering. Among those officials present were Chairman Nick H. Feder of the State Associations Committee, Past Grand Trustee Arnold Westermann, D.D. E. B. Roope, State Vice-Pres.-at-Large John E. Giles, State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, State Treas. C. W. Clabaugh and many Past Presidents.

ELKS NATIONAL HOME members received another visit from the talented Boys Band of WASHINGTON, D. C., Lodge. The group made a two-day trip during September to give a concert at the Home, which was attended

by many Bedford, Va., citizens. Lynchburg, Va., Lodge requested the Band to make a side trip to that city, and the boys played to over 5,000 persons at the local ball park. A few days later, the musical unit journeyed to Bedford, Pa., to play for the delegates to the Pa. Central District meeting.

The latest visit to the Home was made by Washington Lodge's E.R. Francis B. Myers who accompanied the 32 talented Elks who make up No. 15's excellent Minstrel Show, directed by John Chris Sproesser. A performance was put on for the Home members who enjoyed every minute of it.



Oceanside, Calif., Lodge, initiated 71 candidates into the Order, the first class initiated in its new home and the largest in its 20-year history.



Officers of Mobile, Ala., Lodge are pictured with the class they initiated in honor of the visit of D.D. H. Fancher Phelps, center foreground.



Some of the 60,000 people who enjoyed Atlanta, Ga., Lodge's 16th Annual Charity "Fish Fry" which aids the Ga. Elks Crippled Children's Hospital.

LODGE NOTES

When D.D. Lawrence Derry paid his official visit to **NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO**, Lodge, a class of 16 candidates was initiated in his honor . . . Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson announces that about 200 District Deputy reports have reached his desk. To date, **DEER LODGE, MONT.**, and **HARRISBURG, ILL.**, Lodges are the first to report absolutely no delinquents . . . **QUINCY, MASS.**, Lodge welcomed D.D. Arthur J. Shaw and 14 men became Elks in his honor, as a tribute to his visit. Mayor Charles A. Ross, P.E.R., and State Vice-Pres. Elmer Richards were speakers at this program . . . James L. Lovorn of **PUEBLO, COLO.**, Lodge is rounding out 20 years as Tiler, and has seldom missed a lodge meeting in that time. Initiated in 1906, he became E.R. in 1915 . . . The neat and traditionally decorated home of **NATCHITOCHES, LA.**, Lodge has been given full-color photographic representation in a recent issue of *Collier's Magazine* . . . **BOISE, IDA.**, Elks lost one of their outstanding Brothers when John D. Case, Secy. for nearly 19 years, passed away recently . . . **WELLINGTON, KANS.**, Lodge reports fine progress on the erection of its \$90,000 home. The two-story building will include facilities to answer every club need . . . **GREAT NECK, N. Y.**, Lodge initiated 13 candidates not long ago, in ceremonies presided over by D.D. H. Alfred Vollmer, Nassau County Sheriff, and State Vice-Pres. Walton S. Gagel . . . **MAYNARD, MASS.**, Lodge's 20th Anniversary Program drew a large crowd and was a huge success . . . **ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.**, Elks donated \$1,000 to this year's Community Chest Drive, a large increase over the 1948 gift . . . **GREENWICH, CONN.**, Lodge gave a hearty welcome to D.D. Owen V. Cummings on his official visit, marking the occasion with a fine dinner and lodge meeting.

Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson hopes that our members at the **NATIONAL HOME, BEDFORD, VA.**, will be remembered with Christmas gifts and greeting cards by all the lodges, especially those which have Brothers residing there.



The seven surviving Charter Members of St. Cloud, Minn., Lodge were honored guests at the celebration of the lodge's Golden Anniversary. Seated, left to right: H. W. Grimmer, F. J. Bach, F. J. Thielman; standing, W. S. Weber, J. C. Crever, A. J. Tschumperlin and Col. E. T. Davidson.



D.D. Walter R. Bowsher, Sr., third from left, takes time out for a bit of refreshment with Findlay, Ohio, Lodge dignitaries on his official visit there.



D.D. Phillip T. Johnson, standing right, talks things over with representatives of Minnesota lodges at an important meeting held at the home of Rochester Lodge.

ROYAL OAK, MICH., Lodge, No. 1523, has constructed an annex to its home, equipped with nine new Brunswick Bowling alleys for the use of the members. These Elks intend to open the alleys to the public as a source of revenue.

This building was dedicated by E.R. Howard R. Latta and his officers, at ceremonies attended by Mayor William Hayward, D.D. W. Owen Kline, and many other civic and Elk officials.

KINGMAN, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 468, has no complaints to make on its 44th annual picnic. Many of the 550 persons who attended stated that it was the best they had ever attended.

The recreational area of the Hualapai Mountain Park was decorated in true Elk style, and the whole affair had the earmarks of a professionally-run outing, the result of the marvelous planning of the Elks in charge.

THE ORDER SALUTES THE PRESS

NATIONAL NEWSPAPER WEEK was observed during the first seven days of October, and from coast to coast, and even beyond, Elks lodges paid tribute to their hometown newspapers as "defenders of our democratic ideals".

Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson reports that over 500 lodges held special programs honoring local news staffs, and from accounts received by your Magazine, it is obvious that the total must have been well over 1,000.

So many reports were received that it is manifestly impossible for us to mention all of them. However, we wish to compliment the lodges on the care and thought that went into these observances. A great number included the presentation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Certificate of Appreciation, and an equal number included presentations of the specially drawn-up scrolls and plaques, expressing the appreciation of the lodges themselves.

Many of these affairs took the form of banquets at which publishers and staff members of newspapers were honored guests. It is interesting to note that Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge's program honored the General Manager of the *Newburgh News*, Harry Cohen, who has been an Elk for over 40 years. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, had the pleasure of taking part in both sides of his lodge's observance, since, as Editor of the *Sheboygan, Wis., Press*, he was the recipient of a plaque presented by the lodge's P.E.R.'s Assn., and shared this honor with several other members of his staff, many of whom are Elks too.

Numerous programs were joint affairs, with several lodges grouping to honor the press of a particular area, and a few lodges individually honored several newspapers in a large area. One of these was Rockville, Conn., which paid

tribute to representatives of six papers in the northeastern part of the State, including the wives of these editors and publishers at a well-attended program.

Newspaper Week was not overlooked by any distant branches of the Order, either. In San Juan, Puerto Rico, the speaker at the Elks' banquet, at which every editor and manager of the local papers and radio stations was honored, the principal speaker was the President of the Senate of Puerto Rico, Hon. Samuel R. Quiñones. The Panama Canal Zone Elks of both Cristobal and Balboa Lodges gave a joint dinner honoring the working press of the Isthmus. One of these papers, *The Nation*, returned the compliment with an appreciative editorial which not only praised the local Elks, but the entire Order, in words which proved the Panamanian press is well aware of the history of our Fraternity and its benevolence.

This sort of appreciation on the part of the newspapers was echoed all across the country. The Pawtucket, R. I., *Times*, for instance, published an editorial of appreciation entitled, "Our Friends, the Elks", and the Woodland, Calif., *Democrat* editors called theirs, "Thank You, Elks".

AS community leaders, as intelligent Americans proud of and grateful for the heritage that gave us freedom of the press, it is only fitting that the Elks should have taken the lead in giving concrete evidence of our appreciation of the judicious manner in which the newspapers of the Nation have handled this freedom. Nor is it surprising that in hundreds of cases, the Elks' observance of Newspaper Week was the representative program of the community, in which many Mayors and other civic officials, and, in some cases, the Governors of the States, took active participation.

OLDTIMERS IN ELKDOM



LEWIS STEIN, Wilmington, N. C., Lodge. Initiated into Richmond, Va., Lodge, May, 1886, Mr. Stein dimitted to Wilmington Lodge in 1899. Just 90 years old last month, he has contributed generously of time and effort to the Order. An Honorary Life Member since 1915, Mr. Stein still serves on his lodge's Board of Trustees.

Our Order is fortunate in claiming many long-time members. Among these is 90-year-old P.E.R. S. G. Kleinmaier of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, an Elk for 64 years. Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, 87 years old, was initiated in 1904, elected E.R. of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge in 1905. Born the same year, W. W. O'Brien of Hartford, Conn., Lodge has been an Elk for 66 years. Charles Winston, now 86, is serving his 51st year as Tiler of Springfield, Ohio, Lodge, was State Assn. Tiler last year. Washington, D. C., Lodge is proud of 86-year-old Sol Wallach, a member since 1886, and Parkersburg, W. Va., Elks feel the same way about 85-year-old P.E.R. Edward Nelly, an executive Chair Officer for 53 years, Secretary for 14. Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge boasts a 60-year member in Will S. Albert, an Elk since his 21st birthday and P.E.R. N. M. O'Connor of Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge has been an Elk 63 years. Born in 1860, P.E.R. Ed. I. Snyder of Salem, Ohio, Lodge has been an Elk for 52 years.

From time to time, we will continue this history. Does your lodge have a Dean of Elkdom?



L. C. LUDWIG, South Haven, Mich., Lodge. Initiated into Benton Harbor, Mich., Lodge in December, 1899, Mr. Ludwig dimitted to South Haven Lodge upon its institution. A Marine Captain on the Great Lakes for over seventy-five years, his appearance belies his 95 years. Captain Ludwig rarely misses any big Elk event.



FOR ELKS WHO TRAVEL

Beginning with the January issue, Horace Sutton, who wrote the articles "Go East! Go West!" and "Europe in the Fall" for recent issues, will contribute a short travel article each month. The articles will be informally written and will cover a wide range of travel topics—where to go, what to see, how to get there, as well as travel news of importance.

Attention is called to the notices on these two pages. Here are some fine Elks hotels where your membership card will make you an honored guest. Make it a point to consider these clubs for your hotel accommodations.

WHEN IN NORTHERN INDIANA

Stop off at

EAST CHICAGO LODGE No. 981

Excellent hotel facilities, 52 rooms open to the public, with or without bath. Transients welcomed. All hotel services other than meals. Excellent nearby eating place. Convenient transportation. Rates reasonable.

Lakeland, Fla., No. 1291

Located in Lakeland's downtown district, two blocks from R. R. Station.

22 comfortable rooms. Excellent service. Good food, well served. One of Lakeland's better eating places.

Reasonable Prices.

More than just a stopping-off place—a comfortable residence with a club atmosphere, a place to meet friendly Brother Elks.



When in Brainerd

Stop at

B.P.O. ELKS No. 615

Conveniently located, Brainerd, Minn., Lodge offers good hotel accommodations at modest rates. 30 rooms, some with showers or private baths. No meals but good eating places nearby.

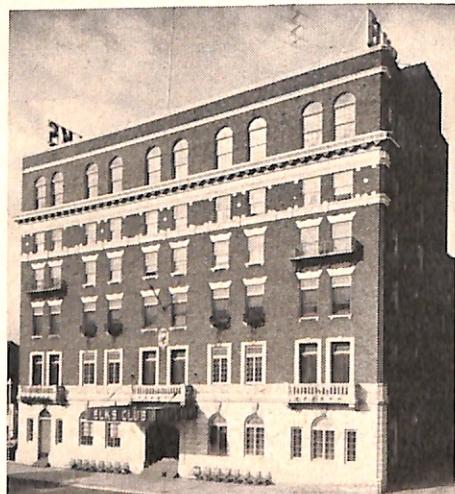
ROOMS	SINGLE	DOUBLE
Without Bath	2.25	3.25
With Shower	2.75	3.75
Both	3.00	4.00
Private Bath	3.25	4.25



ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., No. 461

One of the Southwest's finest Elks Clubs offering hotel accommodations.

For men only, with preference given to Elks. 75 well-appointed rooms with or without bath. Hot and cold running water and telephone in every room. Elevator service. Club's own parking lot next to building. Located in the heart of the business district, convenient to everything. Entire first floor devoted to lodge and club activities. Courteous attention to guests; every effort made to make your stay pleasant.



SPRINGFIELD, ILL., No. 158

One of Springfield's finest. 103 bedrooms. Men only. Club room breakfast, lunch and dinner. Handsome cocktail lounge for both men and women. Bowling alleys, gymnasium, steam room and swimming pool. Air conditioned. Ballroom capacity 1,000 persons (for lodge meetings), 600 for banquets.

Rates reasonable.

FT. WORTH, TEX., LODGE, No. 124, WELCOMES YOU

One of Elksdom's most outstanding lodge buildings.

Here are 45 comfortably-furnished rooms for Elks and non-Elks. Both men and women welcomed.

Single rooms range from \$2.25 to \$3.50; double rooms from \$4.00 to \$6.00. All rooms with private baths.

No meals served but a good eating place faces the clubhouse, where there's an excellent cuisine.

Elks receive first consideration for reservations.



Your Brother Elks welcome you to

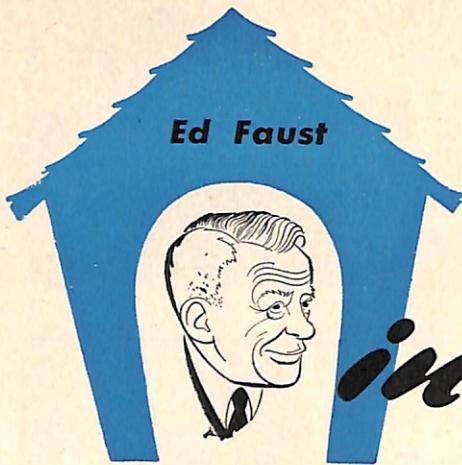
LITCHFIELD, ILL., No. 654

30 Rooms—with or without bath.

Restful dining room and comfortable grill where finest food is served as you want it.* Bar service—bowling alleys—television.

*Meals served members in clubroom also.

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to *Elks Magazine* readers. Just write to the Travel Department, *Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require.



**Who knows better than a dog what man's
best friend would like for Christmas?**

in the Doghouse

EVERY year about this time, your writer gets a pile of letters from our readers who want to get something suitable for their pets for Christmas. By a strange coincidence, the following letter, written by a little four-legged guy I know, came into my hands. It made so much sense that I thought I'd quote it. After all, who knows better than a dog what man's best friend likes?

Dear Santa Claus:

Everyone seems to be writing letters to you, so I thought I might as well get in on it, too. There are quite a few items I could use to good advantage and at this time of the year it seems it's okay to drop a hint here and there.

To begin with, there's food. See if you can't slip a package or two in your sleigh—any of those better known, advertised brands that are sold in every good grocery store. Sometimes my folks feed me table scraps, and although they're pretty tasty, there's a lot of fat in them and fat isn't good for dogs that don't get much exercise; it not only spoils our fitters but our health, too. A mixture of fatless table scraps with one of the good commercial dog foods is fine, but according to the experts, table scraps as a steady diet are taboo.

You could include one of those dog candies for me, which are actually nonfattening, and if you don't know where to get them, write to Faust; he'll tell you.

I could do with a new bed, too. I'm not fussy, so you can make it either one of those three-sided affairs that keep out the drafts, or just a plain well-stuffed cushion. There are a dozen different kinds available, some of the bedding being cedar shavings which help keep those pesky fleas away.

A collar would be a nice gift, too, and Ed Faust knows where you can get them. And, although I have a leash, it's always getting lost so I could really use another. You might drop a word to the family that it won't cost too much for a new one and that it's a good idea to have two.

By the way, I wouldn't mind getting a harness. In fact, I might like that better than the collar, al-

though all dogs should wear a collar if for no other reason than as a handle to grab when we need restraining. But many of us would rather have a harness than a collar to wear when we're taken for an airing. I could use a blanket, too, because I'm one of those short-haired galoots. Besides, I'm not very big. If I were one of those Great Danes, maybe Old Man Winter wouldn't bother me so much, short-haired or not.

If you want to shoot the works, you could get me a raincoat, although this isn't really a must. It would be a comfort, though, when I'm out in the rain, and, besides, it will save my boss the trouble of drying me off when I come in. I'm not going to ask for those fancy dog boots, although they are work savers for the lady who doesn't want her pup to track mud all over the house.

By the way, if you can't get me a coat, how about a sweater? They come in a variety of colors, you know, and are just as welcome as a coat, and for the same reasons.

It won't bother me a bit if you put a few cakes of good dog soap under the tree for me. I like it because, if it's a good brand, it'll discourage fleas and give my skin a nice, clean odor. What are the best soaps? Well, any good dog owner could help you out on that, since there are many that are advertised nationally. He could tell you, too, that a soap made for dogs is always safer than one made for humans, since the latter may contain ingredients harmful to a dog's skin and bad for its coat. And this brings to mind another item—a couple of rough, absorbent towels for my own exclusive bath use. Then there'll be no last-minute skurrying around to

(Continued on page 42)

This pup hit upon just about everything a dog could want.



Buyer Beware

(Continued from page 15)

covering everything the buyer asks but such guarantees aren't worth the air they're spoken into. When defects show up a week or a month later the customer is stuck. Tricksters offer second-hand garments which have been used only "slightly" for "modeling" or for "studio posing by an actress". Almost never do such coats reach the general public. They're even still working the smuggler racket in which a station wagon pulls up to someone walking along the street and the driver goes, "Psst. You wanna bargain?" and lures the gullible with tales of smuggled furs he'll sell at one-tenth their value.

Not only in the fur business do shady dealers use fake price comparisons for goods they can't sell on merit. A favorite device is to offer low-grade merchandise as representing "values up to" fantastic amounts sometimes double or triple the price tag. A shirt tagged at \$2.98 is described as "made to sell for \$5.00". Other goods are offered at "below wholesale price", or at 98 cents "instead of" \$2.75. The speed with which customers snap up such bargains is mercurial; like bass striking a spinner they grab before they look, which makes life happier for the gyps. Investigators have recently discovered presumably reputable merchants claiming mark-down prices on standard price-fixed goods which have never sold for more.

One ordinarily inoffensive word

WHY I WEAR AN ELKS PIN

by

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett

It is an emblem that tells the world that I am a member of a great Fraternity of a million American citizens who believe in God and in the destiny of the United States of America to bring happiness to its people and peace to the world.

It is an emblem whose antlers are symbolic of the elk in the freedom of the forest and indicates that I too am free, free to worship God according to the dictates of my conscience, free to vote as I choose, free to speak as I choose.

It is an emblem that tells that I believe in charity—the charity of kindly thoughts as well as of kindly deeds; a charity that feeds the hungry, heals the sick, strengthens crippled limbs, opens blind eyes.

It is an emblem that declares my willingness to assist the youth of our land by education, guidance and protection in reaching its highest ideals.

It is an emblem that protects woman-kind and is an assurance that neither harm nor tears will ever be brought to any good woman through fault of mine.

It is an emblem that shows that I believe in brotherhood, that every man of every creed is my brother and that as I believe in the Fatherhood of God, so do I believe in the Brotherhood of Man.

The emblem of my Fraternity! The emblem of my faith! An emblem of my country! God grant that I may always be faithful to all it represents.



Why put up with all the drudgery and irritation . . . the time- and money-consuming labor of hand figuring when as little as \$12.50 down will give you the modern efficiency of a new full-size, eight-column Burroughs adding machine?

The minute a Burroughs takes over your figuring chores, you start to save. The work is done in a fraction of the time it used to take. It's more accurate . . . neater. Operating costs are pared all along the line.

Don't be penalized by old fashioned, haphazard figuring any longer. Start saving time and money *now* with a fast, dependable Burroughs—the adding machine that's built to last a lifetime.

Give yourself and your business a break. Give your Burroughs office a call—**NOW**, or mail the coupon.

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which lately has been so overworked its arches are falling is "custom". To suggest that men's slacks are "custom-made" is to imply a quality which often is nonexistent, yet Joe Gyp uses the word with the abandon of a patriotic speechmaker tossing around "Lincoln" and "Jefferson". He offers "custom-made" shoes, socks, garters, shorts, skivvies and even buttonholes. But to the men's clothing trade the word "custom" has a definite and limited meaning. Custom means made to measure for the purchaser and it doesn't mean anything else.

Another loose phrase that often covers up lower-grade merchandise in men's clothing is "hand-tailored". Probably the most widespread of all merchandising gyps are machine-made suits palmed off on the trusting public as hand-tailored. What does hand-tailoring mean? Is a suit hand-tailored when a bushelman sews on a sleeve button by hand? It is not, even if he sews the buttons on with a hypodermic needle. To qualify as hand-tailored a man's suit must have 26 distinct operations done by hand. Such a suit is rated in the trade as Grade Six, the highest quality in the business. But suits labeled Grade Six have been torn apart by investi-

gators and found to be no more than Grade Three.

When most men read a "camel's hair" label in a sports jacket or overcoat they expect it to designate a high-quality garment worthy of a high price. Especially they expect it to be made entirely of camel hair. Yet such labels are sewn into jackets that contain less camel hair than Edgar Bergen's toupe. This is as an unconscionable gyp as the one-time popular practice of putting an "All Silk" label in sleazy dresses. The label itself really was silk.

THERE is no known way to recognize the gyp except to know and remember that representations, other than those required by law, are only as good as the man who makes them. The reputation back of the claim is more important than the claim itself and it is important to remember that Joe Gyp isn't always a back-alley operator who knocks off only an occasional bumpkin. Some of the slickest pay big rents, have prominent displays and would appear to be as substantial as the Rock of Gibraltar. On New York's Fifth Avenue, side by side with some of the world's swankiest and most celebrated stores, there are gyp joints so ruthless in charging

fantastic prices for shoddy goods they would be run out of any small city or thrown into jail. They prey on out-of-town visitors and that large group of New Yorkers who consider themselves too smart to get rooked. They attract business with discreet "moving to new location" signs that hint bargains unusual in that part of New York. Once inside, the customer is lured into accepting unbelievably money-saving deals. He buys because he has subconscious faith in the integrity of Fifth Avenue, a faith which is considerably diminished when he gets home and discovers he could have duplicated most of what he bought for pennies.

Joe Gyp is usually smart enough to operate within the law, or one step ahead of it. This makes him hard to catch. But he'd be out of business and starving to death very quickly if the rest of us would follow just one rule whenever we separate ourselves from some money. That rule is—and it should be pasted in every man's hat: "Before you invest, investigate".

Now, could I interest you in some hand-painted nylon neckties for \$1.98? They're the identical thing that used to sell for \$8.00. Step up, men, it costs nothing to try one on.

The United Nations

A Challenge to You

(Continued from page 7)

The basic principle of this work is to help people help themselves. It is one of aiding them to use to the fullest extent resources available for economic development and social betterment.

The task of economic upgrading starts with people. Human resources need to be conserved and strengthened. That means that the attack on malaria and other diseases which weaken entire populations must be expanded. If workers are to learn modern production methods, they must be literate. Here two specialized agencies of the United Nations—the World Health Organization and the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization—will have a particular contribution to make. This whole program of technical assistance is directed against the basic causes of war. In the long run, the economic and social phase of United Nations activities may transcend in importance the work in the political field.

Here, at random, are a few items which give some indication of the United Nations work in the economic and social field:

1. Over 600,000 refugees and displaced persons have been helped and relocated by the International Refugee Organization, and the voluntary agencies associated with it.
2. The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development during the past year loaned eight nations a total of \$191,600,000.

BUSINESS TRENDS FOR NEXT YEAR

In the January issue, Dr. Marcus Nadler, the well-known economist who contributed a business forecast to our January, 1949, issue, again will give his views about the trends for the coming year, in an article: "Business Outlook for 1950". Dr. Nadler is Professor of Banking and Finance at New York University and has an established reputation as a consultant and writer about economic conditions.

financed by private contributions and by governments, has aided 633,000 children and expectant mothers in Greece, giving them food, clothing and essentials such as blankets and soap.

5. The World Health Organization has helped Poland launch a comprehensive program of venereal disease control. Between April and September, 1948, more than half a million persons were examined, and 43,000 cases of syphilis treated with penicillin.

6. Teams of educators, sent by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, are surveying school systems in Afghanistan, Thailand, the Philippine Republic and Syria. The result will be improved educational opportunities in these countries.

7. Following measures initiated by the Economic Commission for Europe, steel output during 1948 increased 34%; production of steel in European countries is 16% above the 1937 rate. Economic rehabilitation means healthier economies which in turn means that Europe is being placed in a better position to buy American goods.

These isolated items show something of the scope of the work of United Nations agencies set up to deal with economic and social problems. Jointly financed by participating governments, the specialized agencies have successfully promoted international cooperation in such fields as radio broadcasting, meteoro-

logical research and air navigation. They are gathering statistics on food production, world resources and health—carrying on the spade work which must be done if problems are to be accurately defined and dealt with effectively.

GREAT gains have been made by the United Nations in the field of human rights. Much disciplined thinking went into the preparation of the Convention on Genocide and is now going into the Convention on Human Rights. This kind of work is advancing human freedom and protecting the individual from persecution related to his race, color, religion or his political beliefs.

The Trusteeship Council is supervising effectively the development of nonself-governing territories.

On the political front the accomplishments have been great. However, there is need to be on guard against temptation to picture these accomplishments as black and white. There is a tendency to consider a problem either as unsolved or as permanently solved. Then, should a "solved" problem reappear, discouragement sets in. It is more realistic to view the work of the United Nations in the political field as providing a process whereby political conflict can be dealt with peacefully without the application of armed forces. The successful operation of this process is the difference between war and peace.

On the agenda of the Fourth Session of the United Nations General Assembly is an item called "Threats to the political independence and territorial independence of Greece". These words convey no vivid picture of the communist women under arms or of the destruction by communist guerrillas of factories, military hospitals and supplies for refugees, nor do they tell of the repeated violations of the border of Greece by her northern neighbors. Here was a situation which could have flared into a full-scale Balkan war, a war which could have spread across Europe. That the Greek nation has not met the fate of Czechoslovakia is due on the one hand to American assistance, and on the other hand to the power of the United Nations.

The work of the United Nations Special Committee on the Balkans has been of extraordinary significance to Greece. The presence of United Nations observers at strategic points on the frontier has cut border violations to a minimum. Effectively blocked in the Security Council by Soviet veto, the Greek issue was transferred to the General Assembly which then set up the Special Committee on the Balkans. Here is an example of how the United Nations can act, even though the hands of the Security Council become tied. External interference and attempts at subversion of the Greek Government have so far been largely nullified and the prospects are good for final success in bringing peace to the Greek nation.

In Palestine, in March, 1949, the last of four armistice agreements was signed between the new state of Israel and its neighbors. The state of Israel was born, without a major war, and fighting has been stopped. A United Nations Conciliation Commission is working to facilitate final settlements, and a survey mission is at work in the Near East to make proposals for dealing with economic problems, particularly on the matter of making adequate provision for refugees. Problems presented by the conflict between Arabs and Jews have not disappeared, but they are being dealt with and there is no war in the Near East.

In Indonesia a struggle between the Netherlands and the Republic of Indonesia threatened to involve 65 million people. Through successful United Nations mediation, war has been blocked. The Dutch have agreed to recognize the Republic of Indonesia as a sovereign state.

The Berlin blockade has been lifted and the complete stalemate that lasted for sixteen months between the Soviet Union and its former Allies, centered on the occupation of Germany, has been broken. These successful negotiations followed conversations in a United Nations setting which involved representatives of the United States and the Soviet Union.

Discussion in the Security Council of the United Nations led to withdrawal of foreign troops from Syria, Lebanon and Iran and threats to peace were consequently removed. In Kashmir, in Korea and in the Balkans, United Nations observers and commissions are on the job. They are working effectively, although under handicaps, to resolve disputes in these areas.

THERE is much unfinished business. For instance, the question of protecting the Holy Places in Jerusalem must be solved, and a lasting solution found for differences between India and Pakistan over Kashmir. Effective measures for control of atomic and conventional weapons have been suggested, but agreement on these measures has not been reached. It is imperative that the specter of atomic and biological warfare be wiped out by United Nations agreements which can be enforced. Moreover, a way must be found to make military quotas available to the Security Council for peace forces as envisioned in Chapter VII of the United Nations Charter. When the Charter was drafted, it was recognized that the United Nations would need armed power to discourage incipient aggression. So far, the necessary agreements between the Security Council and member nations have not been made. Negotiations must go forward in good faith so that the working structure of the United Nations can be rounded out.

Problems like these are grist for the United Nations mill. Some of them will be solved; some will persist. Disputes will be kept under con-

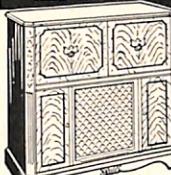
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trol by peaceful processes of United Nations negotiation, but now problems will arise. Nevertheless, as A. M. Rosenthal summed it up in the July 9, 1948, issue of *Collier's* magazine: The political score of the United Nations is: "prevented—one world war, so far; stopped cold—three regional wars".

The United Nations record, a little more than four years after the organization's founding, is already impressive. It is true that there have been disappointments. It is true that gains have been limited because of sharp differences between East and West. It is true that the Soviet Union has abused the use of the veto, and yet, as Trygve Lie had said, "The record of the United Nations is a record of achievement in the prevention of war and in the steady construction of the foundations of a more peaceful and prosperous world."

The great moral principles which have, with God's guidance, made possible these achievements, are simple, and are the essentials of voluntary collective security.

The structure of organization for action is complex. The major organs of the United Nations are an eleven-man Security Council—with five permanent members: the United States, Great Britain, China, Soviet Union, France—which meets continually to consider possible threats to the peace, and means for dealing with such threats; the General Assembly—a great parliament of nations with delegates from each of the 59 members—which has important powers for making recommendations looking toward the settlement of disputes, and for determining the scope, direction and detail of major United Nations activities; the International Court of Justice established to apply international law to the settlement of disputes; the Trusteeship Council, whose work I have mentioned, and the eighteen-member Economic and Social Council which spearheads the United Nations attack on tough economic and social problems, and coordinates the work of ten specialized agencies—the World Health Organization, the International Monetary Fund, International Bank, International Refugee Organization, International Telecommunication Union, Food and Agriculture Organization, United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, International Trade Organization, International Labor Organization, International Civil Aviation Organization. The major organs are served by a Secretariat which provides necessary technical assistance and the mechanism of administration.

Backing the work of each national delegation is usually a group of specialists. Thus, the United States Mission to the United Nations is, in effect, an embassy expertly staffed, established to help our officially appointed delegates to carry on their work. The Mission's controlling instructions come from the President, through the Department of State,



...and YOU

a personal performance scorecard

LOOK AT THESE STANDARDS. COMPARE YOURSELF WITH PEOPLE YOU KNOW, RATE YOURSELF GOOD, FAIR, OR POOR.

A RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN:

GOOD FAIR POOR

1. When discussing international affairs, supports fully United States participation in the United Nations.

2. Makes it a point to learn about activities of the United Nations.

3. Encourages community programs of education in world affairs.

4. If he is critical of the United Nations and wants major changes in its structure, bases his criticisms on full knowledge of the work of the United Nations.

5. Acts on the conviction that everyone is entitled to basic human rights without distinction of any kind, such as race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status.

6. Gives time to voluntary organizations which build understanding of world problems.

7. Speaks up against unjustified criticism of the United Nations and opposes any action which would weaken the organization.

8. Supports public school programs designed to promote understanding, tolerance, and friendship among all nations, racial, or religious groups and to further the activities of the United Nations for the maintenance of peace.

9. Makes his views known on issues before the United Nations, using such methods as active membership in organizations, letters to officials, participation in group discussions, etc.

10. Helps community programs which give assistance to deserving citizens of other countries.

which has a large section devoted to United Nations affairs, and is equipped to deal with the far-flung and detailed problems of our operation in the United Nations.

In a sense, the United Nations is a world community. But it has far greater diversity than the cities and villages we know. Drawn together in the United Nations are persons whose religious, national and racial backgrounds are infinitely varied. The resulting diversity of custom and thought presents many thorny problems but, at the same time, the sharing of a common goal, the elimination of the scourge of war, has made possible many gains, and will, in my judgment, make lasting peace a fact.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has rightly termed participation in the United Nations the cornerstone of United States foreign policy. The work of the United Nations is well under way, thanks to those who made the United Nations a reality, and who saw to it that it had a sound structure, personnel resources and tools for work. Above all, the job is under way because of the spiritual values which underlie the United Nations in its announced dedication to the highest aspirations of humanity.

Continuance of the task so well begun is a challenge to every American citizen. In our representative government the ultimate responsibility for policy and action lies squarely on you and on me. Sometimes it is difficult to sense the relationship between what happens in a discussion in an Elks' clubroom, and the thought of herdsmen in the Himalayan Moun-

tains of Nepal. But there is a connection, and the speed with which modern transportation and communication are shrinking the world is making that connection continually stronger and of increasingly vital importance.

Seized with the willingness to meet the challenge of the United Nations, a man can back up our official United Nations team of delegates and advisers. Moreover, he can do so without leaving his home community.

The "scorecard" on page 38 was prepared by the staff of the United States Mission to the United Nations in order to give citizens an opportunity to check their present personal performances. It may suggest ways in which you can strengthen your own contribution. How do you rate yourself as a member of the United Nations volunteer team?

It is *people* who make the United Nations a vital force and the ultimate test of the United Nations will be found in its effect on people. As I have pointed out, it has already done much to alleviate human suffering and to stop disputes which could have resulted in war. The organization alone cannot guarantee elimination of the scourge of war. That object of our voluntary association challenges the total strength of the spirit and will of all people. The nearly one million members of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks can make immense contribution to public interest and service for the cause. They can help create the conditions in which peace, assuring human liberty and freedom, is a continuing, abiding reality.

160 lbs. of Dynamite

(Continued from page 13)

Ketchel isn't a man. He's a fighting devil."

Ketchel claimed the middleweight title, but was not generally regarded as undisputed titleholder until he cleaned up the Sullivan twins—Mike in one round, and Jack in 20.

A fighting champion, the pale-faced, 21-year-old titleholder met his most prominent challenger, the hard-hitting and clever-boxing Billy Papke, on June 4, 1908, and won a ten-round decision. Three months later, Ketchel lost the title to Papke in a lapse of politeness.

It was customary in those days for fighters to shake hands when they came out for the first round. But Papke ignored Ketchel's outstretched mitt, and hauled off and clouted Ketchel with a terrific right to the chin. Ketchel went down as if hit with a sledge hammer. He struggled to his feet at eight, and Papke was all over him like ants at a picnic. Ketchel, dazed and bleeding, went down four times in that first round.

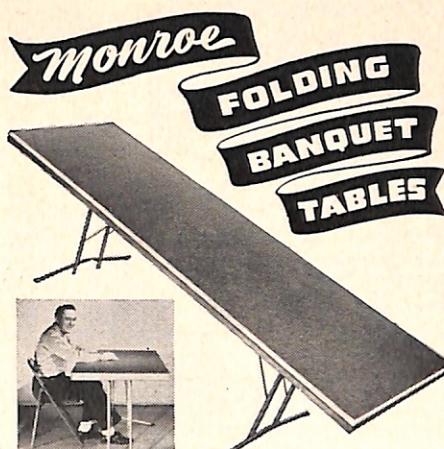
He fought on doggedly round after round, taking a terrible beating, unable to see out of one eye, dazed and battered. Jim Jeffries, the ex-heavyweight champion who was referee, wanted to stop the fight in the elev-

enth, but Ketchel protested, saying, "Let me alone. I can still fight." He was knocked through the ropes in the eleventh, and finally knocked out in the twelfth.

Ten weeks later, on Nov. 26, 1908, the two met for the third time, and Ketchel made no mistake. When the opening gong sounded he shot out of his corner as if someone had slipped a burning match under his tights. He stunned Papke with his opening onslaught, and punched unceasingly until it was all over—when Papke took the full count in the eleventh. Ketchel thus became the first champion to regain his title.

The crowds loved Ketchel, and the cocksure and tough young man loved the acclaim and popularity. He was a gay and striking figure of the period, parading New York in full cowboy regalia, or riding up Fifth Avenue in an open carriage unobtrusively dressed in a pink dressing-gown. He often wired his father that he had won before the fight began, in order to relieve the old man's anxiety. Once a friend remonstrated with him for betting the entire purse on himself.

"It's all or nothing with me," Ketchel replied. "I never hedged in my



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life for marbles or money. Anyway, I'm sure to win."

Probably the supreme example of the contempt that Ketchel held for others was in agreeing to fight the heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson, who outweighed Ketchel 210 pounds to 160 and towered some six inches taller. Content to take it easy, the clever Johnson outboxed his smaller adversary, keeping him away with his longer reach and tricky footwork, and using his weight to good advantage.

Ketchel, however, was destruction-bent. He kept boring in, fighting in the only way he knew. In the twelfth, he tagged Johnson with a vicious right, and the heavyweight king went down.

When Johnson got up, Ketchel stormed at him. Johnson met the charge with an explosive right-hand punch to the jaw, and Ketchel was out for fifteen minutes. That single punch was so hard that it broke off almost all his upper teeth, and two teeth were found imbedded later in Johnson's glove.

Out West for a vacation on a friend's ranch, Ketchel, on Oct. 15, 1910, was shot in the back, and killed, by a ranch hand, Walter Dimpley, following an argument over the affections of Dimpley's lady friend. Ketchel was only 24.

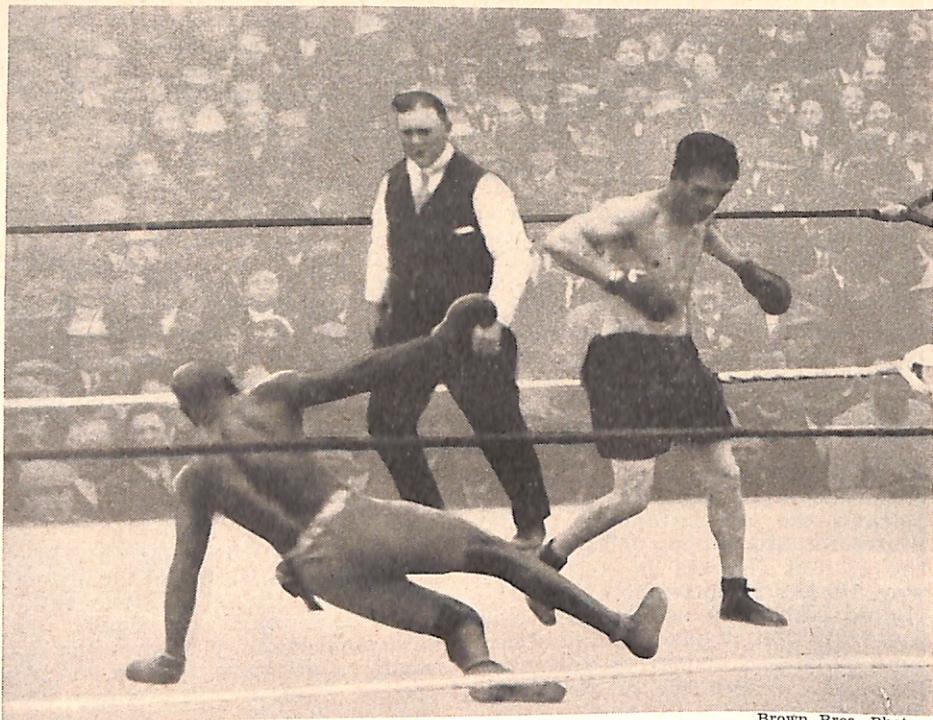
The deeds and exploits of the Michigan Assassin, in and out of the ring, have taken on all the aspects of a legend and, like all legends, it is sometimes hard to say where truth stops and fallacy begins. They tell of his superstitious nature—of how he'd never permit an umbrella to be opened indoors, and would throw a hat, and its owner, out if the hat were put on a bed. Of how he made a rite of shaking hands with his seconds before the opening bell, always being careful to shake the hand of his chief second last.

A story is told of how Ketchel and a friend were making a trip across the country. Stopping in Colorado, they came across a heavyweight tournament being held in a mining town. Unknown there, Ketchel donned old clothes, entered the tournament, and knocked out six heavyweights in a row—just for fun.

After the death of Ketchel, the middleweight crown was worn shakily by a succession of fighters of outstanding mediocrity. It was not until 1923 that the division had a champion worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with the Michigan Assassin. On August 31st of that year, the crown was lifted from the brow of Johnny Wilson by Harry Greb, who wore it jauntily until deposed by Tiger Flowers some thirty months later.

Greb was another brawler who loved to fight. He is officially credited with having taken part in 288 bouts, but some ring historians insist that Greb participated in over 500 battles. He was knocked out only once, when a novice.

Greb had no illusions about the



Brown Bros. Photo

A moment from ring history in a rare photograph of the Johnson-Ketchel bout of 40 years ago. In his all-or-nothing way, Ketchel slipped over a sneak punch and sent the heavyweight champion to the canvas. Seconds later Johnson ended what started out to be a friendly sparring match. A weight concession of 50 pounds was too much for even a Stanley Ketchel.

manly art. To him it was a vicious, brutal sport. Every time he ducked his head through the ropes, he entered the ring with only one thought in mind—to win. If winning meant breaking a few rules along the way, Harry broke them. He was the master of every illicit maneuver in the game. Hed butt, gouge, hit on the break, and jump on his opponent's feet at the slightest opportunity. If his opponents retaliated in kind, as they usually did, so much the better, for Harry considered that made a better fight.

"Fighting ain't the noblest of arts," he once said, "and I ain't its noblest artist."

In the ring, Greb—born Edward Henry Greb in Pittsburgh on June 7, 1894—was a whirlwind of action, throwing punches unceasingly from every conceivable angle. He is the only man to beat Gene Tunney, lifting Gene's American light-heavyweight crown, and he whipped Tom Gibbons more decisively than did heavyweight Jack Dempsey.

Greb defeated the 210-pound Bill Brennan despite the fact that he was hit so hard with a right-hand punch that he was driven across the ring into the ropes with force enough to tear a ring post from its moorings. Never one to underrate himself, Greb always clamored for a fight with Jack Dempsey. Jack Kearns, the heavyweight champion's manager, declined. "No, thanks," he said. "We want no traffic with that Seven Year Itch."

For his bout with Tunney, Greb scaled 162 pounds to Gene's 174 1/2. It was a massacre, with the smaller, lighter Greb giving Tunney the worst beating of his career. Gene came out

of the ring looking as if he had walked into a jet-propelled cement mixer, suffering a broken nose, cracked ribs, closed eyes and numerous cuts inside the mouth. He collapsed on his way to the dressing room.

The second Tunney-Greb bout was a tough, close battle, with Gene getting the decision at the end of fifteen rounds. "No one," said Tunney, "was as surprised as I was when Joe Humphreys lifted my hand in token of victory." Boxing Commissioner William Muldoon saw the fight the same way. "The decision in Tunney's favor was unjustifiable," that forthright old gentleman declared.

Greb always was a warm admirer of Tunney's ability, and was practically the only one in the U. S. who predicted that the ex-Marine would beat Dempsey.

Despite his bad vision—blind in the right eye and less than half vision in the other—Greb went on fighting. In many of his fights he was unable to tell his opponent from the handlers across the ring. But once the handlers departed, Harry was able to concentrate so effectively on the single figure remaining that he was a terror right up to the end of his career.

He quit because of his eyesight, but not because he thought he was handicapped in the ring. It was becoming increasingly difficult for him to tell a man from a woman on the street at a distance of ten feet. "Women mean more to me than anything else on earth," he said. "If I can't see them, I can't love 'em. So I'm hanging up my gloves."

Greb violated every law of training just as he violated every rule of the ring. In the brief periods when he

wasn't actually fighting, Harry spent his time pursuing women. His familiar figure along the Great White Way usually was bounded on the east and the west by females of high beauty. He cut a gay swath in night-life circles. Naturally, such a busy young man found little time to devote to the labors of the training camp. And even when he did, there were apt to be a few stray females around the premises.

The gregarious Greb was always approachable, even on the eve of a fight. When delegations of fans from Pittsburgh arrived to attend his fights, Harry would be up half the night with them, talking and kidding, taking care of their hotel and fight reservations. In spite of his haphazard ideas on the question of training, Greb was an able and willing ringman. He violated all the laws of nature and the prize ring by burning the candle at both ends and getting away with it. Like Ketchel, Greb displayed only a casual interest in the purse. Three days after pocketing a \$7,000 check for beating Tom Gibbons, he was busy again at his trade, shellacking a fighter named Greek Brown in Wheeling for a \$50 purse.

PROBABLY the greatest fight of Greb's career was his fifteen-round bout with Mickey Walker on July 2, 1925, at the Polo Grounds. At the last moment Harry Wills, perennial logical contender for Dempsey's heavy crown, refused to go on in his semi-final match with Charley Weinert unless he got main-bout billing. When informed of this in his dressing room, Greb was furious. He rushed to the Wills dressing room. "You big tramp," he shouted at the 6-foot-3, 220-pounder "I'll fight you right here in your dressing room and the winner will get the main event."

Referees were the bane of Greb's existence. If he had his way, referees and judges would have been out of work, for Harry's idea was that two fighters should fight, no holds barred, and the one on his feet at the end of the bout would be the winner. In the Walker fight, he managed to eke out a small measure of revenge on the official class.

On two occasions in this rough scrap, when referee Purdy rushed in to break up the mayhem that was being perpetrated in clinches, Greb managed to trip Purdy and send him sprawling to the canvas. After the battle was over, with Greb grabbing the decision, the winner turned to congratulate Mickey Walker for his showing. "You're a good boy," said Greb. "You gimme one hell of a fight, the hardest I ever had. But you shouldn't a been so rough on the referee."

Though engaged in a business not exactly conducive to the retention of facial beauty, Greb was vain about his appearance. He always entered the ring with his hair slicked down neatly. He had an extensive wardrobe. A few months after his retirement in 1926, he decided to have an

operation performed on his nose, which showed the effects of his long ring career. But the operation was fatal for Greb. A hemorrhage developed, and on Oct. 22, 1926, at the age of 32, Harry Greb died in Atlantic City hospital.

MICKEY WALKER, born on July 3, 1901, in Elizabeth, N. J., was known as the Toy Bulldog. He started growling in the ring when he was seventeen, and stopped only at the ripe old age—pugilistically speaking—of 34. In those 18 years in the ring, Mickey held the welterweight and middleweight titles, and fought the light-heavies and the heavyweights.

He won the welterweight crown from Jack Britton Nov. 1, 1922. Ironically, it was Britton who first detected signs of greatness in Mickey. They met in an exhibition bout in Newark when Mickey was just a kid learning his business. After a hard-fought set-to, Britton said, "I don't want to fight that guy again in a hurry. The next time he might lick me." A year later Mickey did beat Britton, a superb boxer.

The Toy Bulldog of those days was a clean-living youth who thought the height of dissolution was drinking coffee with two lumps of sugar. When the evening sun went down Mickey was yawning sleepily, ready for bed. Never out of condition, he was a relentless battler and a punishing fighter. He was managed then by Jack Bulger, and it wasn't until after the death of the fatherly Bulger that Broadway began to see Mickey after dark.

Mickey lost his welter crown to Pete Latzo in May, 1926, and seven months later lifted the middleweight title from the clever Tiger Flowers. After his bout with Tommy Milligan, the British champ, in London in 1927, Mickey received \$125,000 as his end of the purse (the fight was stopped to prevent the Britisher from absorbing any more punishment). He celebrated by experiencing the taste of champagne for the first time.

Mickey moved out of the middle-weight division in quest of the light-heavyweight crown. He might have gained his third title except that it was held by the incomparably clever Tommy Loughran.

There are few fighters of any era who gave away as much height and weight as Walker did. Only five feet seven, he was an overstuffed middleweight with the heart of a tiger and the punch of a heavyweight.

Bearcat Wright, 205 pounds of Omaha meat, had Mickey on the floor in the first round, but succumbed to the slashing attack of his diminutive opponent. Mickey gave away pounds to Johnny Risko, Paulino Uzcudun, King Levinsky, Maxie Rosenbloom, and beat them all. He knocked out Arthur De Kuh, a 6-foot-3, 218-pound strong boy who had lost a close fight to Jack Sharkey, in less than two minutes of one round. In his battle with Sharkey, the little Irishman was credited by the referee



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with taking eleven of the fifteen rounds, but wound up with a draw when the judges disagreed.

After his forays in the heavier classes, Mickey returned to the middleweight division, but his years of bitter fighting, of giving away unprecedented weight, and of good living, caught up with him. His requiem as a first-class fighter was sung when he was knocked out by a good club fighter named Paul Pirrone in December of 1934.

Mickey's greatest fight was his Polo Grounds epic with Harry Greb in 1925. Both, then, were in their prime—Walker king of the welters and Greb the middleweight title holder. Both loved to fight, and though each had on other occasions trained on champagne and a haircut, they trained diligently for this bout, for each had a healthy respect for the other.

Greb was a 7-to-5 favorite the day before the fight. That evening a group of the biggest gamblers in the country, who were betting on Greb, was assembled outside Lindy's when Greb tumbled out of a cab. He waved a drunken greeting to the boys, and then collapsed. Two girls with him helped him back in the cab.

The gamblers were shaken. Walker, they knew, was in perfect condition. Soon the telephones were humming, and great quantities of Walker money began to be wagered throughout the country, forcing down the odds. At ringtime the wise boys were laying 3 to 1 on Mickey.

Greb entered the ring clear-eyed, in perfect condition. He winked at a sports writer. "How did those

gamblers like that act I put on for them last night?" he asked. He had bet his end of the purse on himself, and his little act insured his getting good odds.

For six rounds, the fight was fairly even, but after the referee sprained his ankle in the seventh the fight began going to Greb. Harry knew all the tricks, legal and illegal, and with a referee too hobbled with pain to keep up with the battlers, he went to town on Mickey, who was no novice at rough and tumble. But Greb was the master. He won after fifteen brutal rounds.

Later that night, the two had another fight. "And I think I won the second fight," Mickey said when telling of it later.

They met at a night club, and fell to drinking together. They discussed everything but the fight. Outside, on their way to another night spot, Mickey referred to the fight for the first time.

"I just want you to know," he said quietly, "if you don't thumb me in the eye all night, I win that fight."

"Why, you Irish lug," Harry replied, "I can lick you the best day you ever saw."

"Harry made one mistake," Mickey says. "He started to take off his coat. I waited until he had it half off and then let him have it. That punch would've knocked out anyone but Greb. It dropped him and slammed his head up against a cab. He got up roaring, and we went at it."

A cop broke it up.

When his ring career was over, Mickey opened a number of taverns in Manhattan and in Jersey. That

they failed was due to the fact that Mickey was physically incapable of holding on to money. He was the softest touch for any lush or broken-down fighter who stumbled in looking for a loan. Mickey was always there, a grin on his face and a bill in his hand. His tavern became known as the tavern of the bite.

After seeing the movie, "The Moon and Sixpence", Mickey decided to take a whirl at painting. On the way home he bought oils, an easel, brushes, and canvas. He went at it doggedly, determinedly, and became good enough to rate a one-man show at a prominent art gallery, and another at the Waldorf Astoria. He is logically known as a primitive.

Walker's courage earned him the grudging respect of even such hard-bitten and cynical men as managers and sports writers. They tell, over and over, of how Mickey wanted to go on after the referee stopped his fight with Max Schmeling in the eighth round. The veteran Mickey, overmatched and outweighed, blinded by his gore and taking a terrible beating, still pleaded for the right to continue fighting.

Such experienced reporters as the late Damon Runyon and Paul Gallico rated Mickey Walker among the greatest fighters of all time. The story is told of the time a grizzled sports editor sent a young writer out to interview Walker. The youngster was on his way when the editor called him back for a final instruction.

"And, listen, kid," he growled, "when you meet Walker, take your hat off."

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 34)

find something to dry me with when I get dunked.

MAYBE you can find room in your pack for a comb and brush for me. Being a short-haired pooch, as I said before, I can use a fine, short-toothed comb, and if you bring one that is specially made for dogs—one of those metal ones—that'll be fine. Of course, if I had a broken coat like an Airedale or a wire-haired terrier, a longer-toothed comb would be the thing—for the long-coated fellows, too. As far as the brush goes, the one for me should have short bristles, an inch long or under, but if you were getting one for a pup with a longer coat, then the bristles would have to be an inch or an inch and a half long. Where to get these? Ask my secretary, Faust; he'll get the information for you very quickly.

Naturally, I don't expect to get *everything* I want; I'm just giving you this list so you can give me what you think I really need. Anyway, you can make a choice; I like surprises.

I don't know what you do about keeping those reindeer of yours spic and span, but a lot of dog owners

with rough- or long-coated pets use a good stripping-comb to keep them looking neat. If you could leave one under the tree, or tell my boss where he can get one, I'd appreciate it. This wouldn't be for me, but there's a nice little rough-coated lady dog down the street I'd like to give one to. The people who manufacture these combs don't ask much for them, and there's one kind that for a small extra charge is accompanied by a chart that shows just how many different varieties of dogs should be trimmed.

Suppose you give me food and drinking dishes. Some dogs have to eat from a piece of paper, and although I get a dish it's just an old pie-plate and in winter it's as cold as an icicle and in summer it's warm, greasy and not at all appetizing. There are many dishes for both eating and drinking that are made just for dogs. There's even one made for long-eared dogs, to keep their ears out of their food. While I think of it, I wonder if you could find time to let some dog owners know that their dogs like to have their dishes cleaned and scoured regularly? Some people forget that it's no fun for a dog to use a dirty dish—and, besides, it's a risk to the dog's health.

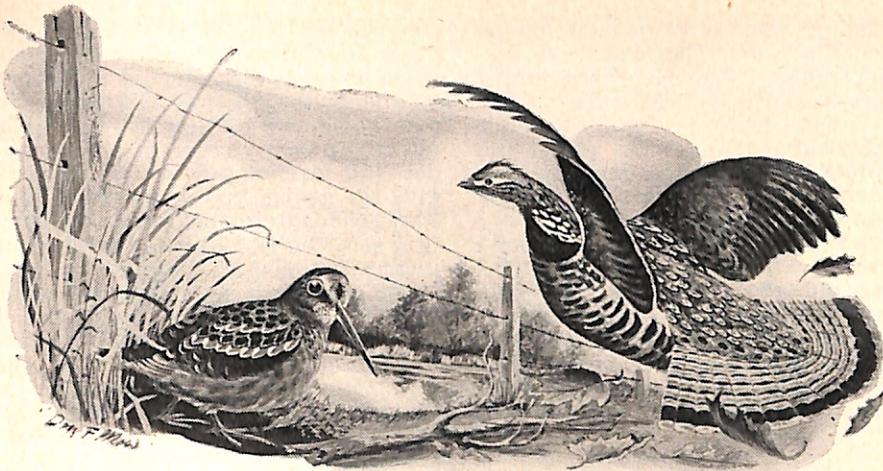
I have a nice, big backyard that's fenced in, so I don't need this particular item, but there are lots of pups that have the yard, but no fence. I know they'd like to have a dog anchor that their masters can leave outside under the trees—you know, it's a contraption that anchors in the ground, has a long chain to which the dog may be fastened so he can have the run of the place without causing his owner any worry about running off.

I DON'T want to close on a melancholy note, but it's best to face facts. I'm pretty healthy myself, but you never can tell about the future. So perhaps you'd bring me some medicines for mange, ear canker, internal parasites and any of those other preparations made up for sick dogs. It would be nice to know the medicine chest is stocked against any emergency.

Hopefully yours,

Tuffy.

(Secretary's note: This little guy hit on just about everything a dog could possibly want. And look at all the time he saved me for my Christmas shopping.)



Woodcock— or Ruffed Grouse?

THE ruffed grouse heads the list of American feathered game. He heads it because he is smarter, bolder, shyer, less predictable than any other" . . . whereas "the woodcock looks and acts—and probably is—stupid". This statement by Ted Trueblood, in his September "Rod and Gun" column, prompted a rebuttal from L. A. Turley, of Oklahoma City. Mr. Turley obviously is no stranger to the habits of American game birds and he developed some strong points in favor of the woodcock, to which Ted Trueblood replied. The discussion seems to be a draw and if any of our readers care to enter this ruffed grouse vs. woodcock controversy by providing their opinion we would be very glad to hear from them. Here are the highlights of Mr. Turley's argument in favor of the woodcock, with Ted Trueblood's reply:

"WHEN danger approaches," points out Mr. Turley, "both the ruffed grouse and the woodcock do the same thing—crouch and remain still. If the danger comes closer, the ruffed grouse does two foolish things. First, he makes a lot of noise and 'to-do' about getting into the air, which reveals just where he is. This may be an advantage against his natural enemies, but not in the case of a hunter with a shotgun. Once in the air, he does one of two things. If, from where he was sitting, there is an open corridor through the trees and bushes, he takes it and flies close to the ground. If there is no open corridor, he rises at a sharp angle until he has cleared the willow, birch and alder tops; then he suddenly changes his angle of flight to horizontal and flies a straight course for new cover at some distance. The hunter is warned of his take-off and, if the grouse elects to rise, the hunter has to catch him at the angle point of his flight, which requires quick ac-

tion on the part of the hunter. However, the hunter has been warned of the take-off and can follow him on his upward flight.

"On the other hand, the woodcock, when convinced that immobility will not save him, rises on quiet wings, often behind the hunter. Being the greatest master of erratic flight, he zigs and zags so that no natural enemy, not even a marksman with a shotgun, knows exactly where he will be the next instant so that he can be headed off. The woodcock knows where he is going as well as the ruffed grouse and certainly uses a better method of getting there.

"Many animals that rely on speed for escape, the jack rabbit, for example, when closely pursued by an enemy will resort to zig-zag motion to escape. The best ground-gainer on a football team is the best master of zig-zag running. The art of zig-zag motion is taught to soldiers as a safety measure. Surely, Mr. Trueblood isn't going to condemn as stupid the escape method proved by the entire moving animal world as a better escape motion than direct flight. Next to a stationary target, an object in straight-line motion is the easiest to hit—whether a bird, a rabbit, a deer, man, airplane or battleship. So when the chips are down, it is the ruffed grouse that is the fool, or stupid one, and the woodcock that is the smart bird."

IN REPLY to Mr. Turley's interesting and pointed comments, Ted Trueblood wrote: "Just got in from hunting and read your letter. I must admit it opened up an entirely new line of thought to me.

"Now, if it is correct that the woodcock's flight is a deliberate evasive action, then he is smarter than I gave him credit for being. I am inclined to think, however, that his irregular flight is natural to him, particularly when flying through alders or other

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cover, and is not a thought-out attempt to dodge a load of shot. You have watched a jacksnipe dodging around over an open pasture, and he certainly is not attempting to escape anything there. Another thing, many woodcock make very short flights. Once in a while you flush one that takes off for parts unknown, but most of them that I have missed didn't fly more than a 100 yards and some didn't fly 50 yards. If they realized that a man with a gun meant bad trouble, I believe they would go farther, even if it meant leaving a choice feeding spot.

There is no comparison between a

ruffed grouse in Idaho and one in New England. The latter are infinitely smart. They have been hunted there for nearly 300 years. I believe this confirms John Burman's statement that the ruffed grouse and whitetail deer are the only kinds of American game capable of learning from experience. I'll admit that I have seen many stupid grouse, but I have flown many of them at which I never did get a shot. Sometimes they got up out of range and sometimes they dodged behind a stonewall or tree. If I was lucky enough to flush them again, these same birds often (usually, in fact) avoided being shot

at a second time. Furthermore, you know that a grouse either can roar when he takes off or he can slip away as silently as an owl. I think they use whichever method they believe offers the best chance of escape under the circumstances. Perhaps I give the grouse too much credit, but I believe his flying behind an obstruction so often is a planned method of escape, not just an accident.

"Of course, these are just my ideas—not the law of the land—and I could be wrong. I would enjoy hearing more on the other side of the argument about the comparative intelligence of grouse and woodcock."

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 11)

Trustees: So. Cent., E. C. Olson, Burbank; W. C., Dr. B. F. Loveall, San Luis Obispo, and, Bay Dist., E. E. Keller, San Mateo; Secy., reelected for the 11th time, Edgar W. Dale, Richmond, and Treas., reelected, F. E. Tumbleton, Huntington Park; Sgt.-at-Arms, D. T. Fortin, Sacramento, and Chaplain, Col. Rev. David Todd Gillmor, San Jose. Thomas S. Abbott of Los Angeles was appointed Tiler, and has since passed away. Interment on Oct. 14, followed services at his lodge home, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon delivering the eulogy.

Contest winners were: Drill, Pasadena; Softball, Long Beach; Golf, Santa Ana; Bowling, Compton, and Ritualistic, Oakland, winning the Morley H. Golden Trophy. The Assn.'s Perpetual Pistol Shoot Trophy, in the .38 Center Fire Natl. Match Course was won by San Diego Lodge in Class "A"; Alham-

bra Lodge took first place in Class "B". The .38 Center Fire Camp Perry Police Course was won by Long Beach Elk shooters, the individual grand aggregate being taken by Rodney S. Pease of San Diego.

Social events included the President's Banquet; the Festival of Music in which many lodge Glee Clubs and Bands participated; fishing, harbor boat and sightseeing trips, and a Hollywood movie preview. The most spectacular event was the two-and-one-half hour parade witnessed by over 150,000 people, winding up this most successful meeting.

On Oct. 5th, Mr. Anderson paid his official visit to his home lodge, **TACOMA, WASH., NO. 174**. The entire membership, 1,158 strong, stood at attention as he entered the lodge room and then greeted him with a roar of applause

that shook the building a full ten minutes. His address to his own lodge received the same enthusiastic response his words evoke all across the nation. At its close, newspaper boys broke into the room with special Emmett Anderson "extras", hot off the press, carrying a full lead page of pictures and news of his life. A short program on National Newspaper week then occupied everyone's attention, with about 35 members of the staff of the *Tacoma News Tribune*, on hand to be introduced to the gathering.

The officers of No. 174, under E.R. John Anderson, have distinguished themselves as efficient and faithful Elks, ritualistic champions of their State, and high-scorers in the National Ritualistic Contest. The entire Tacoma membership is going all-out to keep the lodge as a group the equal of their Brother as the Order's leader.

Mr. Anderson's trip to the northwest corner of the continent and then to the southeast tip of the nation—Alaska and Florida—will be the lead subjects for his "Visits" in the January issue.



Plattsburg, N.Y., Lodge's State Ritualistic Championship Team.

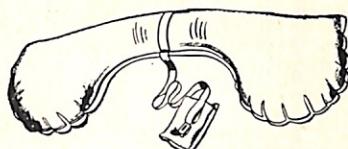


Here are the Conn. State Ritualistic Champions, the officers of Danbury Lodge, who took honors in the National Contest for 1949.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER APPOINTS HIS GRAND ESQUIRE

Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson has announced the appointment of Chelsie J. Senerchia as his Grand Esquire. A member of Miami, Fla., Lodge No. 948, Mr. Senerchia served as Exalted Ruler in 1937-38, as District Deputy for Florida East in 1938-39, as President of his State Association the following year, and as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1940-41. He is at present a member of the Board of Directors of the Florida Elks Assn., Inc.

Gadgets and Gimmicks

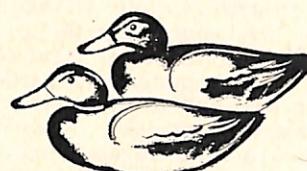


DUCK hunters and fishermen lead a hazardous life; there's no denying it. Once all the prescribed or recommended equipment is bought and attached to the hunter or fisherman, he generally looks like a deep-sea diver ready to conquer fathoms of blue water. However, the principal difference between the diver and sportsman is that the diver has an air line and pump to bring oxygen to him under water. Should the sportsman find himself under water with all his gear, he is down there on his own with no air line to give him succor. To prevent sportsmen from finding themselves in this embarrassing position here is an item that will keep even the most overloaded sportsman afloat. It is a pocket-size life preserver which, when folded and sealed, measures just $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x $3\frac{1}{2}$ " and weighs 4 ounces. Clipped to any convenient part of a sportsman it can be inflated in an emergency simply by squeezing it. A carbon-dioxide cartridge is opened and you have an inflated, two-foot water wing at your disposal in three seconds. Made of plastic, the wing will keep even the most bedecked and equipped hunter or fisherman above water and alive. This item is also recommended for poor swimmers and overconfident Channel-challengers.

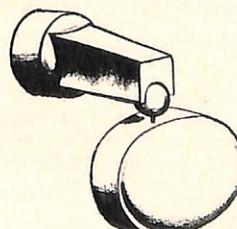


IF YOU are planning to attend a bowl game this season, there is no reason why you shouldn't be comfortable considering the price you paid for your tickets. A few years ago not many people could witness bowl games, for there were only three or four over the whole country. Now anybody can enjoy them; they have multiplied like the rabbit. We have the Salad Bowl, Fruit Bowl, Finger Bowl, Cotton, Sugar, Rice, Orange, and heaven knows how many more. If, in short, you are not within a stone-throw of a bowl game, you are not facing the right direction. Here, then, is the way to be comfortable while the players are uncomfortable. In addition to blankets,

thermos bottles, cigarettes and a female companion to whom you explain the rudiments of the game, you must take one of these new seats which will give your back the support needed to get through four grueling quarters of football. It clamps onto the splintery bench for which you paid many shekels, will not topple off as you rise to cheer or jeer. It folds flat and can be carried easily.



NO ONE has to go on talking about rubber ducks; they're here. For those who go down to the blinds at dawn, herewith a perfect decoy. So flexible is this rubber decoy duck that it can be rolled up and put into your pocket, along with all the other items carried in pockets. When unrolled in the pre-dawn stillness it inflates itself (we're entering the "self-inflating age") and rides with commendable duck-like appearance on the cold gray waters of the lake. Not to be caught napping, the manufacturer has so cunningly constructed this decoy that if very poor marksmen riddle it with shot, it will not sink. The rubber seals itself in a second, keeps the water out, and your decoy rides on. The decoys weigh around seven ounces and are available in three common duck types: mallards, black ducks and pintails. The decoys also have a patented concave bottom that acts as a suction cup, keeping the ducks upright in rough water, which is more than you can say for most ducks.



FEW are the men or women who have not dropped their cake of soap in the shower; fewer still are those who can accurately place the soap in the soap dish while dunking themselves in a stream of hot, steamy water. And very, very few are those who, having dropped their cake of soap in a stall shower, are able to bend over with ease and retrieve said soap. Some shower sufferer, outraged by this trouble, has designed a laudable fixture to make

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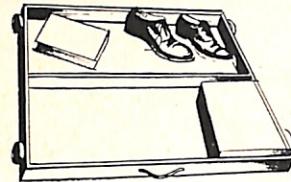
showering the joy it should be. It consists of a wall fixture that can be placed at any height on the shower wall and a metal spear to pierce a cake of soap. It works like this: water temperature adjusted, the showeree steps confidently into the beckoning stream, soap in hand. Soaping accomplished, the showeree merely makes contact between the metal spear and the wall fixture. Since the wall fixture has a magnet in it, the soap stays safely in reach until more soap is desired. Few things in life today are simpler or more efficient than this device.

THE threat to life, limb and fire insurance companies embodied in conventional Christmas tree lighting fixtures is a thing of the past now. No longer will you have to find the burned-out bulb and replace it to get your desired lighting effect for the Yuletide timber. Here is a set of lighting ornaments that involves no wiring, no burned-out bulbs, no fire

hazard. The set consists of 48 ornaments; eleven are three dimensional—and one is an ultra-violet lamp and bulb. The trick is this: You put the ornaments on the tree, place the ultra-violet lamp with its bulb under the tree, switch the lamp on and all the ornaments glow as if their little lives depended on it—which they don't because, even without the lamp on, the items still are good ornaments. Of various shapes and sizes, the ornaments are made in red and blue, yellow and green, green and red and are shaped like snowflakes, bells, comets, stars and chains.

GETTING up in the morning is a subject that should be approached with caution. Nobody likes to do it; everyone has to do it. Anything, literally anything, that makes it less painful should be treated with respect and listened to with more than a casual interest. It would be fortunate indeed if mankind could wake, dressed for the office, seated,

well-shaven, at the breakfast table sipping an aromatic cup of coffee. Since this is impossible, the thing to do is to lessen the time between waking and breakfasting. Here is such



a thing. It is a large flat tray on rollers that is kept beneath the bed. Instead of fishing around, eyes tight shut, in a cold room for your slippers, shoes and socks or other necessary gear, all you have to do is roll this tray out and don your shoes instantly. At night you place all needed items on the tray and roll it back under the bed and then go to sleep and forget about it till morning. The tray is 24" x 30", sits two inches off the floor and is made with an oak finish.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 14)

Whether trout can be caught on flies during the winter seems to depend chiefly on the clarity of the water. Their digestion slows down when it's cold, and so they don't eat much, but if the water is clear enough for a wet fly to be visible, there always seem to be some trout willing to take it. Dry-fly fishing, of course, depends upon sufficient insects coming off to bring the fish to the surface. On many streams—particularly those that are spring-fed—midges, May flies, caddis flies or stone flies can be seen hatching on almost any sunny winter day.

MANY trout fishermen use bait exclusively in the winter. That is a mistake. Much of the time both more and larger fish can be taken by the angler casting a small wobbling spoon or other good lure with spinning or light bait-casting tackle. Ten times as much water can be covered with the artificial lure and, consequently, many more trout see it and have an opportunity to strike.

Here again, the clarity of the water seems to be the governing factor. If it is badly discolored, bait has a definite edge. When it is only slightly muddy—clear enough so that the fish can see the lure—the skillful bait caster or spinning angler will catch more. Perfectly clear water gives the fly fisherman his chance.

The same rule applies to steelheads. Cold water does not keep them from hitting flies or artificial lures. It is true that most winter steelheads probably are caught on salmon eggs, but a good fisherman using either spoons, spinners or flies can take fish if the water is clear enough.

C. Jim Pray, of Eureka, California, who invented the three great steelhead fly patterns, the Red, Black and

Cock Robin Optics, and his fishing companions take big, winter-run steelheads from the Eel River through November, December and January on flies. During the 1946-47 winter season, Harry Hornbrook, using the Red Optic, took one steelhead of 11 pounds, two each of 12, 14, 15 and 16 pounds, one of 17 pounds, and one that weighed 17 pounds and five ounces. Of course, he also caught many smaller steelheads as well as silver and king salmon, all on flies.

So it can be done. Winter-run fish can be caught on flies and, of course, any man who has done it prefers to catch his fish, either trout or steelheads, in that manner. Fly fishing is more fun than using bait or spinners. Even on a stream such as the Rogue, which usually is muddy in the winter, steelheads can be taken on

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

Quoted from bulletin published by Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge, No. 1526—

*A good thing to remember,
And a good thing to do,
Is to work with the construction gang,
Not the wrecking crew.*

flies in the comparatively clear water along the edges of the riffles much of the time and from the usual, deeper spots whenever it clears sufficiently.

My own winter steelhead fishing experience has been limited. I have caught some fish, had a lot of disappointments and seen some funny things. A couple of years ago Wallace Wakefield decided that there should be fish in the Salmon River near Riggins, Idaho, in January. I went up to help him find out.

Riggins is a friendly town. Everybody wants to help, no matter what

the undertaking is, and this time the boys gave us plenty of advice and not a little ribbing. Nobody ever had fished in the winter before. They obviously thought we didn't have all our buttons.

Nevertheless, we got ready and drove up the river from town until we came to a good riffle that flowed into a big pool. Just looking at it made me shiver. There was a heavy rim of shore ice along the banks, big cakes of it were floating down the stream and the bottom ice was several inches thick in the shallows. In spite of all that, we started fishing.

Within five minutes, Wakefield hooked a fish. Although it didn't break water—possibly because of the ice flow—we did get a glimpse of it when it struck the spinner. It was a respectable steelhead that we guessed might weigh six or seven pounds.

It ran out 50 yards of line across the riffle, sliced downstream into the pool and then turned back. I thought it was a goner. Wakefield was using an enclosed spinning reel and six-pound-test, single-filament nylon line on a fly rod. Big cakes of ice bumped into the line and pulled more off the reel. Most of the time we couldn't even tell where the fish was. Sometimes it looked as though an ice cake would snag the line and pull it all out down the river.

Nylon is supposed to be brittle in cold weather. If so, with an air temperature of 20 degrees and the water close to 32, this certainly was the time to find out. The ice cakes sawed at it. The fish pulled under them. Somehow, however, it always seemed to come clear and we began to regain hope.

At last, Wakefield led his fish to shore. He knelt down on the ice, got his fingers into the steelhead's gills and lifted it out. Half an hour after

we had started fishing, we were weighing it in a grocery store in town. It pushed the pointer down to a shade past nine pounds.

Naturally, all the cynics who had said we wouldn't catch anything saw our steelhead. We made sure of that. Then we went back to the river. We didn't get another strike that day. During the remaining three days of my stay, Wakefield had to work, but I fished all the time and he fished whenever he could. We didn't so much as turn a fin.

DID he catch the only fish in the river on virtually the first cast, or were there others that refused to strike? Nobody will ever know. One thing for sure, however, winter steelheading can be the most mysterious, aggravating and, at times, the most gratifying of sports.

There is a good pool on the Snake River not far from where I live. I fished it several times last February. On the first trip I took a five-pounder. Then I worked it three days without a strike and decided to give up. A friend wanted to go, so I decided to make just one more attempt. On the first cast, almost before the spoon touched the water, another five-pound steelhead struck.

Of course, the steelheads that we catch in Idaho are not so vigorous as those taken nearer tidewater. The long trip up the Columbia and Snake Rivers draws heavily upon their reserve strength. They still are good fish, however: big, sea-fattened rainbow trout.

Winter trout fishing, while it is not so unpredictable as steelheading,

does have its surprises. There was another time when Davies, Schwartz, DeMotte and I fished the Snake River. Late in the morning we were strung out about a hundred yards apart. Davies was nearest to me.

I heard him shout and looked his way just in time to see his sharply bent rod suddenly spring straight. He reeled in the slack line. He made some remarks. A few minutes later he caught up with me and said, "Trueblood, I just lost a whale of a trout. He broke my leader. He was a whopper!"

His eyes had the gleam of a man's who has found—and suddenly lost—great riches. I sympathized.

Then Schwartz came along and cast into the exact spot where Davies had been fishing. Shortly thereafter he, too, hooked a fish. He landed it. I saw him examining it, but at that distance I couldn't make out either how big it was or its species.

Then he shouted, "Come here!" and there was a tone to his voice that brought us all hurrying up.

"Look!" he said, and held up his catch.

It was a squawfish, perhaps the least desirable of all the undesirables found in the Columbia drainage. It weighed about three pounds. Then he pointed to a spot on its jaw and said, "See that?"

There in plain sight was the indisputable evidence that shattered Davies' story of the big trout that got away. His hook and six inches of leader were hanging from the squaw's mouth.

He didn't talk better that time. Schwartz had him dead to rights.

Holiday Token

(Continued from page 25)

said, "I don't think you're a bad guy, after all. Were you by any chance waitin' for that pawnshop to open, too?"

"Yes, I was," Alden said. "Damned right I was, and I'm not ashamed to tell you."

"You by any chance have a movie projector, a camera and some golf clubs?"

"That's right. That's what I had."

"Because one of our boys picked up some hoodlums with the stuff. You'll find them over at the station house. How's your wife, by the way?"

"I don't know," Alden said. "I haven't had a chance to find out. I dozed off for a little while. What time is it—nine o'clock?"

Sergeant Foley looked at his watch. "That must have been some little doze you had. Do you think if it was nine o'clock that Harry here would be telling me the story of his life? It is exactly four ayem, Cranshaw, and a very merry Christmas."

ALDEN didn't choose to walk. He ran. Sister Augustine was walking out of 704. Alden braked himself and almost fell on the polished linoleum floor. Sister Augustine carried a small and, until now,

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editorial



THE GREAT HEART OF ELKDOM

The Elks National Foundation, created in 1928 and organized at the beginning of a period of economic adversity, celebrated its twenty-first birthday at the last convention with the gratifying announcement that the Foundation fund had increased to more than two million dollars.

Elks from all parts of the nation helped to build this enduring fund, which has doubled and redoubled in the last decade. Members of lodges in Pennsylvania, California, New York and Massachusetts have donated, respectively, the largest State totals, while our Brothers in Vermont, the Canal Zone, Maine and North Dakota, in that order, hold the distinction of being top contributors on a per capita membership basis.

To date, the bulk of this fund has come from lodge and State Elk organizations. Now, as may be noted from a page announcement elsewhere in this issue, the Foundation Trustees invite our members as individuals to subscribe to their Foundation a part of the sum which they budget annually for charity so as to increase the power of this beacon which shines forth the good in the heart of Elkdom.

Requests for donations today are so numerous that it becomes increasingly difficult for us to choose one charitable undertaking as more worthy than another. Yet, even if we were not influenced by the thought that this is our agency for good works, the members of our Order could find no other with qualities to make a more powerful appeal to practical, thoughtful men than that of our own Foundation.

The Foundation fund is unique. Every dollar contributed to it becomes a part of the principal fund to remain there for all the days of America. As an integral part of the principal, that dollar never can be drawn upon. Only the interest it earns can be expended, and every cent of the earned interest will help to rehabilitate crippled children, assist worthy boys and girls to secure higher education, provide hospitalization for the afflicted and promote the many other benevolent activities in which Elkdom is interested.

Our Foundation fund is an outstanding activity in which every member of our Order may indulge a full measure of pride. It makes an excellent subject for conversation with a nonmember. Tell a neighbor of its high-minded, altruistic qualities and you give him a ready insight to the purposes of our Order. He will be surprised to know that the corpus of the Foundation fund can never be reduced by withdrawals; that all of the earned interest is spent in behalf of all of our fellow Americans; that the small overhead costs for printing, clerical hire, and so forth, are not charged against the fund but are paid by the Grand Lodge, and finally that our Foundation is administered by a board of Trustees composed of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, responsible experienced business leaders, who give their time and talents without compensation.

The more support we give this magnificent fund, the sooner will we raise it to its full power to radiate warmth throughout our land in numerous good deeds.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



Once again we arrive at that happy and busy season when the young of all ages turn into traditional roads to meet the year's greatest holiday. Some will make it the leisurely, if limited, journey of former years: the rereading of Dickens' immortal "Christmas Carol"; the family singing at the hearth; the preparation of gift lists. Others will see to it that the magic of Christmas is extended to children and families blessed with less than their own.

It is in the last and largest approach to the Holiday that members of our Order experience some of the real values of Christmas. It is not the easy route. The canvassing of the community to ascertain the names of needy families, the classification of information, and the decision of types of purchases require more effort and sounder judgment than does the problem of what to buy Aunt Edna. The wrapping of toys and clothing, the filling of food baskets, and the timely distribution of these desired articles place a much greater tax on the energy than do the preparation and delivery of gifts to the family. But the reward for that extra planning and labor, seen in a child's sparkling eyes or read in a parent's grateful expression, is such that fatigue soon vanishes and reminders only of the true spirit of Christmas remain.

The distribution of food baskets, clothing and toys to add to the spirit of the Holiday is one of the major charitable activities of our lodges.



AN IMPORTANT MAN ON THE TEAM

"Dear Art:" the letter read. "Well, I'm stuck in the hospital for two weeks or more . . . it seems the old ticker needs a little rest. Would appreciate a line from some of the boys."

This letter, addressed to one of our lodge Secretaries, brought to our mind the variety and number of services the Secretary performs in addition to his official duties. In the main, the Secretary's work is devoid of the glamour that attaches to some occupations evoking constant attention.

The keeping of minutes and records of accounts, the maintenance of address files and the collection of dues, the correspondence with members and the tactful reminders to those in arrears are all tasks demanding diligence and accuracy which generally are taken for granted. And so too with the annual report to the Grand Secretary and the Auditing Committee, the semi-annual reports to the lodge, and the miscellaneous duties such as issuance of membership cards and transfer dimits, notices to applicants for membership and to committee appointees, duties too numerous to list.

Yet, appreciation for the Secretary's efforts in behalf of his lodge is felt deeply by all of the membership. Even though we do not express the thought very often, we know that the Lodge Secretary is a most important member of the team. He is the steady point of contact between the member and his lodge. In every gracious and friendly greeting, in every written communication, in every unrecorded act in behalf of a member, the Secretary holds high the dignity and cordiality of that unit of our great Order where members are privileged to enjoy the society of worthy fellow citizens.

Next time you meet your Lodge Secretary, let him know how well you appreciate his efforts. As for the Magazine, we would like to take advantage of this season of the year, when thoughts of good will and appreciation come to the fore so readily, to express our own thanks to him for the invaluable service he renders us during the year in the promotion of the Magazine in the lodge bulletin, the maintenance of our mailing list, the filling out of survey questionnaires, and his thoughtful and generous cooperation in our many contacts with him.

AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE

INCHES

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"Baby Blue Eyes" is 2 feet tall. Her real-looking curls are thick mohair. She has rosy cheeks, cute Cupid's bow mouth and real eyelashes that close in sleep over big, beautiful blue eyes. Arms, legs and head are movable so she can sit up and assume many lifelike poses. Bend her and she cries! And she's all dressed up in a six-piece wardrobe.

Look at these features:

REAL MOHAIR CURLS! And real eyelashes, too! Eyes close in sleep when "Baby Blue Eyes" lies down. And the cutest plump little face you ever saw, perfectly framed in chic organdy bonnet with lace, tulle and satin trim!

SIX-PIECE WARDROBE "Baby Blue Eyes" is all dressed up in flared organdy dress, bonnet, white cotton slip, rubber panties, white socks and booties!

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LIFE-SIZE! "Baby Blue Eyes" measures a full 24 inches from the top of her pretty head to her dainty feet—larger than many real-life babies—she's a big doll—a big bargain!

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Eyes go
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